

CALLING ALL GIRLS

APRIL 1946 10¢



STORIES · FASHIONS
MOVIES · GOOD LOOKS · THINGS TO DO



ARE YOU *Daring* ENOUGH?



Don't let other Susies do all the startling.
Change-of-pace makes the gang sit up and notice YOU!



1 You've always, always worn bangs? The pure, smooth brow is not for you?

Dare to try it! →

You'll get second looks from the lads—if your bared brow's beautifully smooth. So let Swan help your complexion to rosy, tingling freshness! Swan's the new, pure, mild soap that's perfect for babies, so it's simply super for young complexions.



2 You're on the sultry side? You wouldn't be found drowned in ruffles?

Dare to wear 'em! →

Nothing melts the male like fragile froth. You're a breakable angel in a Swan-fresh blouse. Crisp as a lace paper valentine! (And Swan's such easy magic for helping things stay fresh. Moonbeam-mild... speedy with the suds!) →



3 You get doorbell dithers? You fret and pace and primp for hours?

Dare to let him wait! →

He's not the only Romeo who'll ring your bell. So languish in a Swanderful, sudsy tub—instead of showering frantically. Give that delicious Swan lather time to work its wonder. Then emerge radiantly, baby-clean—ready to conquer!



4 Housework is a bore? You're scared the gang'll think you're under Mama's thumb?

Dare to be thoughtful! →

Wielding a dish mop—after Mom's slaved over your party—is smoother than skipping out. Using a fast-sudsing floatie like Swan shows you're dishpan-wise. It cuddles silky fingers. Gets you out of the kitchen in nothing flat!



TUNE IN: The Joan Davis Show
featuring Andy Russell, CBS, Monday Nights



Watch it, chicks!

Swan Soap is made of vital materials—so don't waste it!

Here's to the girl in the Petiteen,
She's sure to be treated like a queen,
Cause her clothes have such dash . . .
and they fit to perfection.
Since she chooses from PETITEEN'S
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If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too small
for teens, Petiteens are just right. Sizes: 10 to
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Suit made of a **SPRINGFIELD** woolen



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Might as well look those figure facts
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still "in the making", wise teeners know that now
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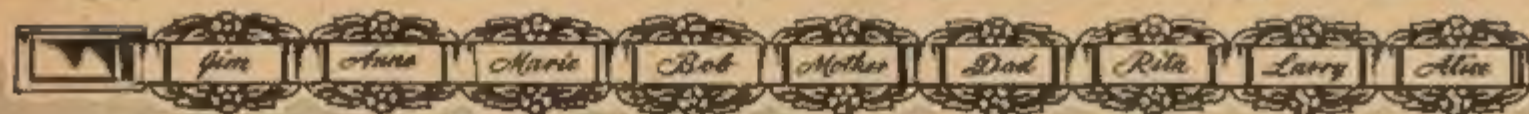
The answer of course, is
J J TEEN TYPES — the girdles that are making
headline news all over the country because they are
the very first girdles ever to be scientifically proportioned
and designed for the growing girl.
Wispie bits of rayon satin with elasticized panels, that
firmly but oh so gently correct that swayback tendency, that
protruding derriere, and that too-round tummy.

Two brief panties: one pull-on
with power net side sections uniting satin
lastex front and back, one Talon
closed rayon satin with satin
lastex down stretch back and
lightweight lena sides . . . each about 5.00
Two girdles: companion
pieces to the panties
. . . each about 5.00



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and many other dept. stores together with many leading jewelers from coast to coast.

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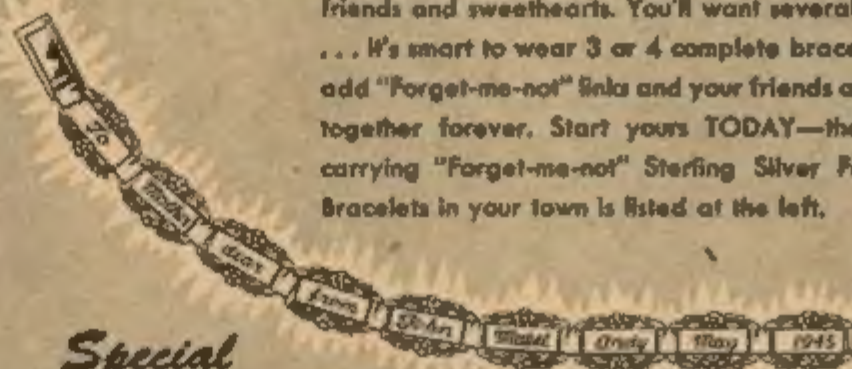
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It becomes an everlasting remembrance of family, friends and sweethearts. You'll want several of them . . . It's smart to wear 3 or 4 complete bracelets. Just add "Forget-me-not" links and your friends are linked together forever. Start yours TODAY—the dealer carrying "Forget-me-not" Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelets in your town is listed at the left.



Special

"Message" bracelet . . . same as "Forget-me-not" name bracelet, but you choose the message . . . 9 words . . . \$2.60 complete plus tax.

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FROM YOU to US



Just keep your eyes on us

Your magazine has everything that I like in it, except one thing, and that is a column about classical music. It may seem strange that a teen-ager should like this kind of music, but many girls my age (I am fourteen) and even younger like it. Oh, yes, I like some popular music, especially boogie-woogie.

J. H., Somerville, Mass.

In the January issue there was an article on the postwar world and a list of coming articles on teaching, science, etc. Now, there are also some of us interested in concert careers and also in opera. I, for one, would like to know something about both phases of a musical career of either sort, pro and con. Also I'd like to have some articles written by various singers and other serious musicians.

M. C. S., Jefferson City, Mo.

More are coming—and soon

I would like to have more of the "test yourself" articles like "Speak Up" in the January issue. I found my score to be a more attractive speech than average and I am pleased to know this. I did answer the questions without cheating.

J. B., Kelso, Wash.

Benquets

If I see CAG on the newsstand before I receive my copy, I immediately buy it. That goes to show how swoonderful your magazine is.

L. M., Skowhegan, Me.

Personally I think your magazine is swell, groovy (and so forth). I read the article by Adele De Leeuw, "Dare to Be Different." I tried it, and it worked, to perfection!

P. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For three years I have been receiving CALLING ALL GIRLS and have enjoyed every month of it. My mother found it an ideal present and so my cousin also received it. My girl friends all get it and like it as much as I do. I go to a Catholic school and the nuns approve of it wholeheartedly. (P.S. It's super.)

M. A. S., Chicago, Ill.

WHY don't people tell us these things?" is a pretty universal complaint, but we're not complaining. You do tell us, and almost always your letters set us up like everything, but sometimes we go down, down. But we always like to know what you think, and here, at last, we have a chance to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Even though it is not possible for us to answer all your letters, we give thoughtful consideration to every one of them. Tell us about yourselves—then we'll have a better idea of how to make *Calling All Girls* a better magazine. Address your letters to *Calling All Girls* at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

A wise girl

May I say that J. S. of New Philadelphia, Ohio, is rather dumb canvassing newsstands when she could have a subscription to the magazine like I have.

S. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Page Pelly Pigtails?

When I read your article, "Ticket-Stub Etiquette," in the January issue, I got so mad that I just had to write to you about it. I think Martha Ross, who wrote this article, got us teen-agers a little wrong. It's the little "brats" who make all the disturbance in the movie house I go to. They sit behind you and munch on candy bars, kick the back of the seat, or ask their mothers questions, or else their grandmother takes them and explains the whole movie to them. . . . When they come in, they call to their little friends behind them and then race down the aisle.

G. M., (No address)

"Ticket-Stub Etiquette" was swell. How about more like that?

C. C., Fort Smith, Ark.

You keep telling us

I think the issues have been much nicer since the comics have been omitted. The articles have

been very helpful. *More of them!* I appreciate the fact that my copy arrives on time and even sometimes before they are on the newsstands.

M. St. C., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please continue the comics as soon as possible.

L. G., Charlotte, N. C.

I want to tell you how much I am enjoying the magazine in its new form—without the colored funnies. I like the stories that have been put in much better.

M. G., Lombard, Ill.

I liked your comics, but I like "Judy Wing" and "The Yorktown Younger Set" better when they are written out like they are now.

C. H., Kirkland, Wash.

But we like red hair

I'm very glad that "From You to Us" has been started. I'm interested in what other readers have to write about CALLING ALL GIRLS. . . . Let's have more of those yummy articles on cooking. They are really helpful. Things like "Cash in on Your Common Cents," "Dare to Be Different," and "They Were Hep, Too" bore me. . . . That beauty care advice is super! More of it, please! Hair styles would be super too, if you would have more of them. . . . In case you would like to know who is saying all this—I'm a redhead (a fate worse than death!), five feet, two inches, and I was fourteen in January.

S. C., Berkeley, Calif.

About those serials

I wish your serials would be shorter. I forget the beginning and have to start all over again. . . . I also wish you would have more on how to act on a date or even to talk to boys.

M. L. G., Portland, Ore.

I think I like the mysteries first. Second I like the articles on care of clothes and of skin. And articles on how to act around people next.

S. A., Boise, Idaho

I agree with M. E. F. of Sacramento, Calif., (January issue) when she states that your serials are too long. I would be satisfied to cease having a serial altogether.

P. D., Omaha, Nebr.

Goldwyn Girl

... and her Glamor Routine

Thousandth of the Goldwyn Girls, and a statuesque blonde. True to the Goldwyn tradition, Virginia Thorpe is lovely and talented. Dolled up here as a sunflower dairymaid for the new musical picture, "The Kid from Brooklyn." Being a movie starlet, Virginia knows the glamor routine.

Says Virginia, "Looking pretty all the time is largely a matter of living right. I believe in lots of sleep. Usually get more than eight hours. I exercise, too—no matter how crowded my day. Tennis, swimming, sailing and archery all appeal to me.

"As for groceries—three good meals a day. Breakfast included! A lovely meal, isn't it? Maybe I wax so fondly because my breakfast usually includes Wheaties with milk and fruit. A big bowlful. Wheaties are crisp and on the sweet side. They taste like just what you're hungry for first thing in the morning! Flakes of whole wheat, too. I figure that's why they help to give me that contented well-fed feeling."

Won't you start your breakfast tomorrow with milk, fruit and Wheaties?

General Mills, Inc.

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Blackfriar
TEENTRIX

**WESTERN
INSPIRATIONS**

authenticated by



Roy Rogers

"King of the Cowboys"

starring in
Republic Pictures



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AMERICAN TEXTILES OF NEW YORK

Ameritex rayon fuji shirt sleeve jacket in black with turquoise, turquoise with black, chartreuse with white, white with chartreuse \$8

Ameritex spun rayon and wool slacks in navy with white piping or sand with black piping \$8

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The MYSTERY at BLUE VALLEY FARM

THE first of the day's misadventures was their almost missing the Connecticut bus. Their mother had delayed so long, that they reached the bus terminal only two minutes before starting time. They'd waited as long as they could for the postman to bring the letter from old Mrs. Lindquist confirming the final arrangements, but it didn't come.

Liss, in particular, hated being rushed, and the hurry and confusion, on top of not wanting to go to Postbury at all, made her feel sulky and a bit ill-used. Andy, her twin sister, being less ruffled and able to think faster at the moment, had promptly secured the window seat, which was another grievance.

The day was revoltingly hot already, and the bus felt like an oven. The only bearable seat was the one by the open window. Still, of course, Andy had as much right to it as anyone, if she'd managed to maneuver herself into it first.

At this point Liss had to grin at her own grouch, and after that she began automatically to feel slightly cooler. A journey—any journey—was fun, after all. You never knew what might be waiting around the corner, so to speak.

In the beginning, neither of the Darrow twins had wanted to go to Postbury for their summer vacation. In fact, there had been loud wailings and protests before their mother had been able to convince them that because Daddy had been ill he really needed her along on his urgent last-minute business trip to the Coast, and so they could not open

A storm—and other trouble

**—was brewing when the Darrow twins set out
for Postbury. Liss hated storms—but
what lay ahead was even worse**

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Author of "The Desert Calling"



In the seat directly across the aisle was a redheaded, freckled boy.



They followed Rick into the deluge and dark, gasping as the rain and wind struck them.

the seashore cottage this year.

Mrs. Lindquist was doing them all a great favor by consenting to take the girls into her home for two months. And besides—"For goodness sake, keep an open mind on something you haven't tried yet!" their mother interjected—besides, there was Mrs. Lindquist's grandson, who was somewhere close to the twins' age and who lived with her in the old Postbury house that dated back to the 1700's. Undoubtedly, he knew all

the young people in town and would introduce them. In the end, the twins had given in with the best grace they could muster. Andy was even able to raise a faint flicker of anticipation.

Liss leaned back in the seat now, as the bus rolled through the crowded New York streets, and let her eyes wander over their fellow travelers. There was only a handful of passengers—most of them women. In the seat directly across the aisle was a redheaded,

freckled boy who might have been sixteen, already deep in a magazine. Idly, Liss wondered where he was going.

It was a three-hour ride to Postbury, and their mother's worry had all been about their being met at the end of the trip. She had written Mrs. Lindquist which bus they were arriving on, and no acknowledgment of that letter had been received up to the time of their departure.

"Oh, well, chicks, Postbury's a



tiny place," she had said resignedly, as she kissed them good-bye. "If the driver doesn't know where Mrs. Lindquist lives, get off at the post office and inquire. It can't be far, in any event."

They had both been quite scornful of her anxiety. As if they couldn't ask their way . . . But just for their mother's sake, it did seem that Mrs. Lindquist might have written at least a postal card or sent a telegram.

(Continued on page 68)

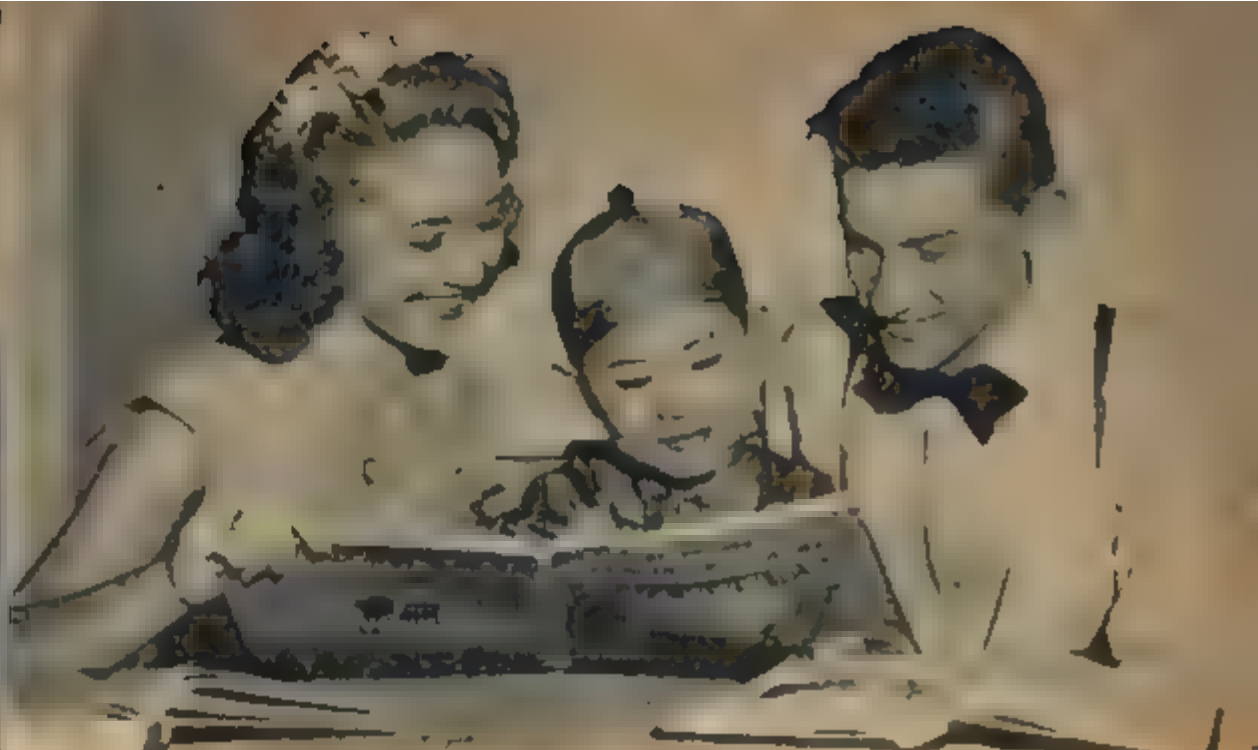
W. J. Ivers



Jane Powell
H. H.



Time out! Jane relaxes by painting a water color of Walter Pidgeon, no less!

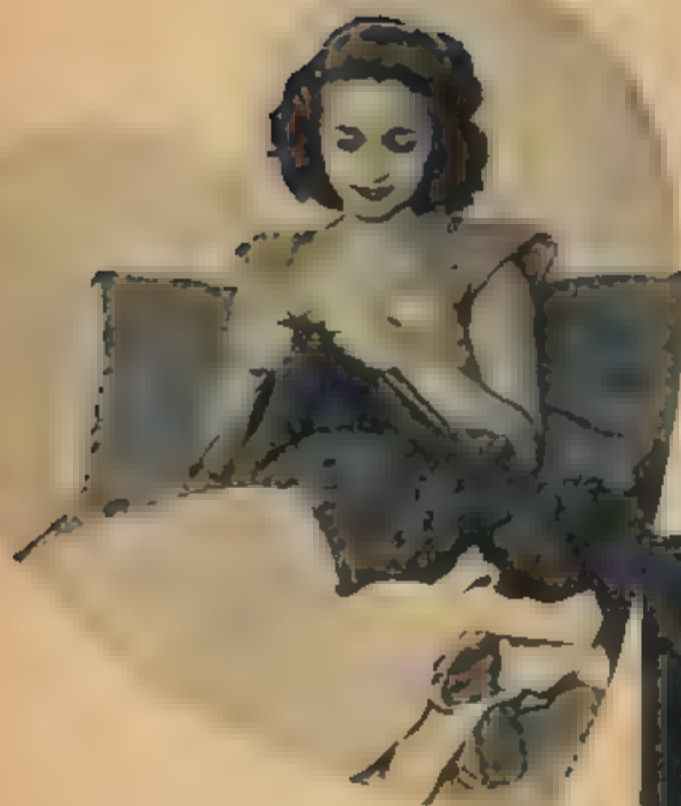


Oh, to be back in the second grade! Jane and Roddy McDowall think little Warner Lee's problems are easy. They're together in "Holiday in Mexico."

My DREAM CAME TRUE

To wake up one day and find you're a Hollywood star—well, it *could* happen—and it *did*!

By JANE POWELL
Fifteen-Year-Old Movie Star



Above—One of Jane's hobbies is knitting. It's a sweater for her father this time, and she's really a whiz with the needles!

Right—Posted beside the camera, Walter Pidgeon, Jane's screen dad in her new picture, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Holiday in Mexico," gives the singing star her cue.

WHEN I was a little girl, "Cinderella" was my favorite story. I often wondered just how she felt when she went to the party and danced with the prince; I wondered what it would be like to wear slippers of glass. Well, I still don't know exactly, but I'd guess that being in motion pictures is just about as near to living a fairy tale as one can get.

It isn't exactly the same. I mean, it isn't all play, and beautiful gowns, and glass dancing shoes. It isn't a case of simply waving a magic wand and having something wonderful happen. A lot of it is hard work. And it is giving up some of the things that other girls my age can do—and it's going to bed (Continued on page 46)



By **NANCY PEPPER**

Fashion Editor

BLACK TALK

YOU'LL hear plenty of it in the teen departments of Official Headquarters Stores, where black is a big favorite for your first spring dress. If you can't find smooth black-with-white or black-with-color dresses like these, send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope for where-to-buy information.

Opposite page—Teen screen star, Virginia Weidler, makes a very moving picture in a Beverly Hill formal of Cohama black-and-white rayon taffeta with sheer long-sleeved top and cummerbund waistband. About \$11. Virginia is making a big name for herself these days on the New York stage.

Above, left—White lace bands on a front-buttoned black rayon butcher linen, about \$13. By Seventeen Junior Teens of St. Louis. Above, right—Black butcher linen top with pastel-and-black striped skirt. You're right, that's a carry-all pocketbook pocket at one side. By Beverly Hill, about \$11.

Left—Zany and Zoot—Doris Dodson two-piecers, about \$15 each. Baby Pandas are embroidered over the white top of one; a Funny Bunny is cut out of the skirt print of the other and appliquéd on the black top. They're what we call "conversation pieces"!



April Foolishnesses in Office. How many
 are there? (See page 42) or even
 stamped, self-addressed envelopes for
 where-to-buy suggestions in your town.

More Outlines on pages 41, 54, 41, 45



Kissable lips and a lot of "Hubba-Hubba" fab-
 ber-wearing in a frolic held by Vogue makes
 such delightful Valentine evening. About \$1.95



You'd have the useless howling "Ditty" when you
 wear the "Hubba-Hubba" dress in Poodle suits for
 half-price items. Made in Dallas, Texas. About \$4.

APRIL

Club Fabrics back his shirt—here are some of your
 over and a denim shirt, or something by under-
 200, of Cashmere. About \$2.50. Right a long shirt,
 and job in Manhattan print. About \$4. (Boswell)
 quick to your when colors by Purse go to your hands.

You'll rustle your rustle in a Western Dard
 gotten down that make good fashion—but good
 fun. When you turn around. People will call be-
 hind your back, and it's for rustle. About \$12.



Well, how are you and how are you, if you're
 Darden, teach him to be a good man, and
 also to be a good man. About \$1.50. You'll see
 with a close-up, you've controlled
 (Boswell) and (Boswell) to see
 shirt, and you wear (Boswell) by (Boswell).

FOOLishness



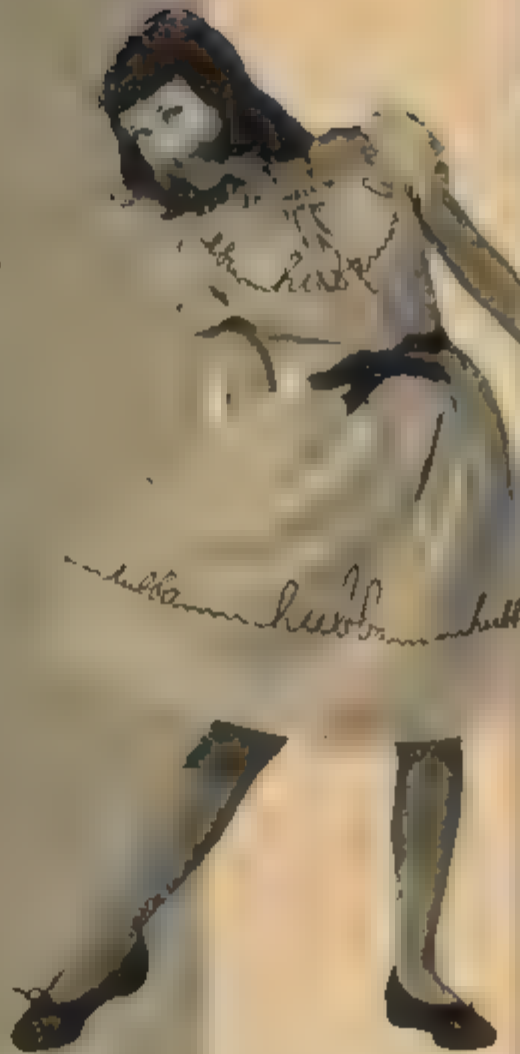
How do you like? And how's your
 Appeal? You display in your
 socks through the (Boswell) (Boswell)
 (Boswell) of (Boswell) (Boswell) (Boswell)
 New Modern Design does March On!

April Foolishness at Official Headquarters Stores listed on page 82, or send stamped, self-addressed envelope for where-to-buy information in your town.

More fashions on pages 47, 54, 61, 65.



Kissable lips and a lot of "Hubba-Hubba" Jabberwocky on a leather belt by Vogue makes such interesting waistline reading. About \$1.59.



You'll have the wolves howling "Ditto" when you wear the "Hubba-Hubba" dress. In Petiteen sizes for half-pint teens. Made of Bates cotton. About \$8.



Give Father back his shirts—here are some of your own. Left, in denim with red stitching, by Juniors, Inc., of California. About \$2.50. Right, a long shirt-tail job in Mexican print cotton. About \$4. Baseball caps in your school colors by Portis go to your heads.

APRIL

You'll rustle your bustle in a Barbara Boyd cotton dress that makes good fashion—and good fun—when you turn around. People will talk behind your back, and it's no wonder. About \$11.



Well, kiss me once and kiss me twice, if your Beezee beach bag isn't covered with jumbo-size lip prints! About \$3.50. Your Ben Hur barrette is a clothespin; you've embroidered jabberwocky and autographs all over your shirt; and you wear pedal-pushers by Kel.



Foolishness



How do you Shoe? And how's your Socks Appeal? You display your sharp argyle socks through the transparent plastic saddles of Sandler's Crystal Gazers. How Modern Design does March On!

I'LL ALWAYS

Three years was a long time to wait for Nell's return—especially when he was coming back to her sister

By ADILE DE LEROU
Author of "With a High Heart"

PAM sank her chin in her hand and let the call eddy and swirl around her without hearing any of it. Nell was coming home! After three long years, Nell was coming home. It seemed too good to be true. But it was true. Flying a three-star general back to the United States, the plane had come down a rap. Nell had kept the general's floor for four hours until they were picked up. He was to be decorated tomorrow; he would and then there was to be a big luncheon for him at the hotel.

The papers had been full of it, telling what a hero he was. Maybe the town was just waking up to it, but Nell had always been a hero to Pam. Ever since his family had moved in next door and he had begun tagging Gloria around.

Pam's eyes veered to her sister who was curled up on the window seat where he winter sunlight struck through her hair. No wonder everybody called her Gloriana. Pam's heart long ago had ceased doing queer flip-flops when she looked at her. I had had a pull ache all the time. Because Gloria had everything. And what could you do against that?

Not, Pam thought loyally, that she wanted to take anything from Gloria. It simply wasn't fair that Gloria had so much and she so little. The skin and hair and eyes,

the lovely figure, the good lines, the look of boys.

The telephone rang. "You answer, Pam," Gloria said lazily.

Pam got up with reluctance. "It's probably for you," she said, from long experience.

Well, then. Gloria said good-naturedly "you can always call me."

It was for Gloria, of course. "Mrs. Kellogg," Pam reported. "She sounds excited, and she said it was awfully important."

Gloria came back radiant and sparkling. Mother, what do you think? Mrs. Kellogg wants me to make a little speech of welcome tomorrow. For the neighborhood, you know. She's to represent the Alliance, and Mr. Parsons will speak for the civic group, and Mr. Williams for the stores and industry, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick for the churches.

Pam groaned. They both ignored that, and Mrs. Armstrong beamed. "Of course you said you would. It's such an honor."

"I don't know what on earth I'll say, Gloria worried."

"We'll work out something," Mrs. Armstrong promised. "Your father will help. He's had so much experience. What will you wear? And will you ride in the car with them from the hotel?"

Gloria said, "I suppose so." Sud-

denly she clasped her hands together and widened her eyes. "Oh, goah. I just remembered. Tomorrow's my afternoon at the day nursery."

"Well, you can't go, dear. This is important," Mrs. Armstrong decided.

"But, Mother," Pam protested. "They're so short-handed. What'll they do in the last minute?"

"I'm sure they can get someone else," Gloria said. "After all, I've been going for months. You call Miss Higgins, Pam, and explain it to her."

Pam had a sinking feeling. She knew what was coming.

Gloria said winningly "Why don't you do it, Pam? It's simple, really."

Pam thought a little wildly, as she dialed the nursery. "But I wanted to be a big airfield. Why couldn't I be there too?"

But she knew it would end this way. Miss Higgins gave her no chance to get out of it and her mother and Gloria acted as if she were doing something marvelous, and tomorrow was a Sunday. There was simply no escape.

You can always see Nell, they said. And that was good, of course. But would he see her? Three years was a long time. Everybody would be clamoring for him at airport, and he never had arrived as a hero.

Continued on page 56



Pam wished she could have been there, even hidden by the crowd, when he got off at the station.

I'LL ALWAYS

Three years was a long time to wait for Neil's return—especially when he was coming back to her sister

By ADELE DE LEEUW

Author of "With a High Heart"

PAM sank her chin in her hand and let the talk eddy and swirl around her without hearing any of it. Neil was coming home! After three long years, Neil was coming home. It seemed too good to be true. But it was true. Flying a three-star general back to the United States, the plane had come down at sea. Neil had kept the general afloat for four hours until they were picked up. He was to be decorated tomorrow at the airfield and then there was to be a big luncheon for him at the hotel.

The papers had been full of it, telling what a hero he was. Maybe the town was just waking up to it, but Neil had always been a hero to Pam. Ever since his family had moved in next door and he had begun tagging Gloria around.

Pam's eyes veered to her sister who was curled up on the window seat where the winter sunlight struck through her hair. No wonder everybody called her Glorious! Pam's heart long ago had ceased doing queer flip-flops when she looked at her. It just had a dull ache all the time. Because Gloria had everything. And what could you do against that?

Not, Pam thought loyally, that she wanted to take anything from Gloria. It simply wasn't fair that Gloria had so much and she so little. The skin and hair and eyes,

the lovely figure, the good times, the flock of boys . . .

The telephone rang. "You answer, Pam," Gloria said lazily.

Pam got up with reluctance. "It's probably for you," she said, from long experience.

"Well, then," Gloria said good-naturedly, "you can always call me!"

It was for Gloria, of course. "Mrs. Kellogg," Pam reported. "She sounds excited, and she said it was awfully important."

Gloria came back, radiant and sparkling. "Mother, what do you think? Mrs. Kellogg wants me to make a little speech of welcome tomorrow! For the neighborhood, you know. She's to represent the Alliance, and Mr. Parsons will speak for the civic groups, and Mr. Williams for the stores and industry, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick for the churches . . ."

Pam groaned.

They both ignored that, and Mrs. Armstrong beamed. "Of course you said you would! It's such an honor!"

"I don't know what on earth I'll say," Gloria worried.

"We'll work out something," Mrs. Armstrong promised. "Your father will help. He's had so much experience. What will you wear? And will you ride in the car with them from the field?"

Gloria said, "I suppose so." Sud-

denly she clasped her hands together and widened her eyes. "Oh, gosh! I just remembered. Tomorrow's my afternoon at the day nursery."

"Well, you can't go, dear. This is important," Mrs. Armstrong decided.

"But, Mother," Pam protested. "They're so shorthanded. What'll they do at the last minute?"

"I'm sure they can get someone else," Gloria said. "After all, I've been going for months. You call Miss Higgins, Pam, and explain it to her."

Pam had a sinking feeling. She knew what was coming.

Gloria said winningly, "Why don't you do it, Pam? It's simple, really."

Pam thought, a little wildly, as she dialed the nursery, "But I wanted to be at the airfield! Why couldn't I be there, too?"

But she knew that it would end this way. Miss Higgins gave her no chance to get out of it, and her mother and Gloria acted as if she were doing something marvelous, and tomorrow was a Saturday. There was simply no escape.

You can always see Neil, they said. And that was true, of course. But would he see her? Three years was a long time. Everybody would be clamoring for his attention, and he never had acted as if she were

(Continued on page 56)



Pam wished she could have been there, even hidden by the crowd, when he got off at the station.

di Martini

Let's Talk Things Over with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I belong to a sorority of ten girls. Several members have threatened to drop out because their feelings have been hurt so badly. Recently, some of us were gabbing, and Kate said, "Didn't Jane look sloppy in that big plaid shirt?" Next morning Kate was given the silent treatment. Since then, every time they talk to Kate, they say something hateful. Now, is that friendship? We are ten different people who feel and act different. We all have our faults and we all have our good points. I try to be tolerant. I like every girl very much, that's why it hurts so when they fight—Grayce G., aged 14, Pennsylvania.

GRAYCE has learned that no two persons are alike and that we all have our faults and virtues. She knows that when one is offended or hurt, matters aren't improved by saying "something hateful." Grayce belongs to a sorority where the purpose is friendship, but she finds that there is continued fighting instead.

Grayce says she tries to be tolerant. That should mean, among other things, that she doesn't set up standards which are so high that no human being could live up to them. Even close friends have moments when they are not their best selves. But we forgive imperfections in those we love—just as we hope they will not expect us to be perfect.—On the other hand, we do not accept as friends those who are insincere, pretending friendship when they are merely using others for their own gain (to win popularity, for instance, or to get closer to some eligible boy-friends). Some girls think they cannot show up to advantage unless they find fault with others. They think they

grow bigger by making others look smaller. But it doesn't work out that way.

Friendship is not only personal. We live in groups; we have families, schools, offices, shops, churches, synagogues, clubs. When groups do things together, when people work in a common cause, when they keep busy sharing interesting jobs, there is less time for idle gossip and petty criticism. Grayce and her friends don't want to grow up to be women who kill time, who flit about and gab about one another. It would be well for them to air some of their group problems and discuss these—not in a personal way, but objectively. "Many of us are having trouble about cattiness," they might say. "We're growing careless about what we say, and when, and where. Although we don't mean to be, we are sometimes thoughtless and quick to judge, or we make unnecessary comments. This hurts all of us. What can we do about these things—individually and as a group? Why do such things happen? Who might help us understand each other better? If someone looks sloppy, makes a mistake, or acts silly, how can we

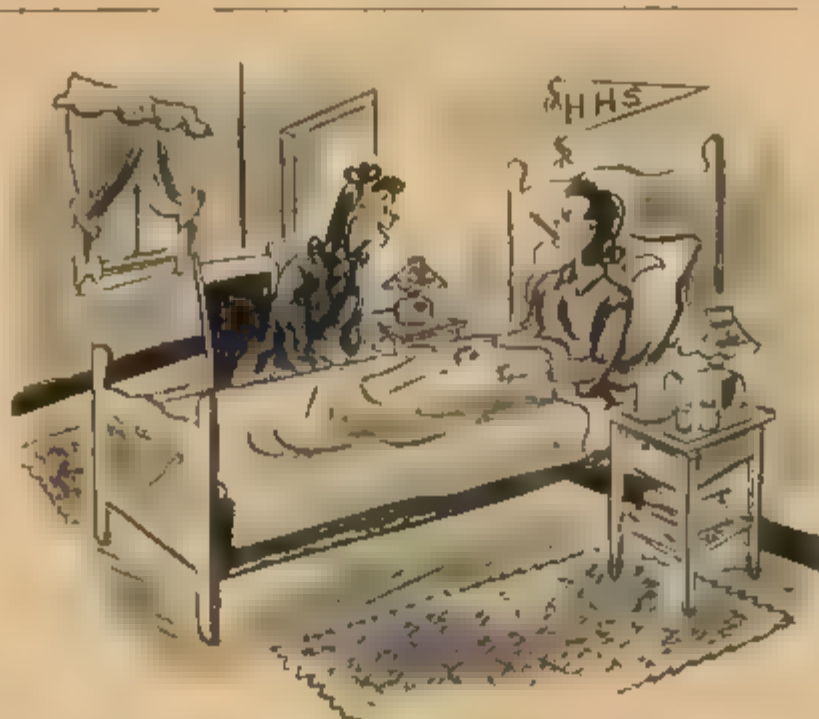
be helpful? Should we always notice? If any girl has real problems, how could she be helped? How shall we avoid irritating and offending others? What may be troubling the girls who find it necessary to be so very critical?"

Thinking through such matters—together—might be a good idea. There are teachers, counselors, and other older friends who could be asked to help iron out difficulties, conduct discussions, and help plan programs. Some clubs are interested in dramatics, others in athletics, others in civic affairs. Many times irritations disappear when there is real work for a group to do and everyone gets a sense of pulling together.

We live in a small apartment. Three rooms isn't very much. The kids like me and often invite me up to their houses. And I'd like so much to do the same. But I'm ashamed of our house. It's very small and often gets pretty cluttered up.—Helen M., aged 13, Pennsylvania.

WHAT with the severe housing shortage at the present time throughout our country, Helen is far from alone in feeling that her family is handicapped by having limited living quarters. But in spite of the adjustments many Americans are called upon to make, we are sure Helen will agree we are much better off than people in other parts of the world. We are the best housed—and the best fed—people on earth.

But recognizing this fact cannot always wipe out the little and big day-to-day living problems which many families face. We sympathize keenly with Helen's desire to have her home as attractive and livable as (Continued on page 81)



"Isn't it swell how things have worked out! This solves your problem of not having a date for tomorrow's dance."

HAYMES

SWEET HAYMES

Be they ever so song-happy,
teen-agers soar higher at the sound
of Dick's romantic baritone
By ANNETTE TURNGREN



NOT so long ago, Dick Haymes had a yen to write songs, and he thought he *had* written some winners. So he sang them for Harry James, the famous band leader. And when he saw the smile widen on James' face, he sang harder than ever. At last his masterpieces were going to sell! But James said, "Your songs? Oh, yes. Well, they're not so hot. But, brother, can you sing!"

And after that Dick Haymes didn't have a chance as a song writer—because he made such a hit as vocalist with Harry James, and leading his own band, singing on his own radio show, and making records and movies that he never had time again to rhyme "moon" with "June."

Dick Haymes' mother, Marguerite Wilson, was a musical (*Continued on page 64*)

Inset—It's a grand night for listening when the Dick Haymes Show is on the air over CBS.

Left—As soon as Dick's through delighting his fans with song, it's sign on this, please. Here it's the gobs of "Shangri-La" and their gals who have hands outstretched for autographs after Dick's broadcast from the deck of the famous carrier.

Your Career in AVIATION

**Maybe you can't fly, but you can be the girl
behind the men who cruise the skies—if you'll work for it**

By BETTY PECKHAM

Author of "Women in Aviation" and "Sky Hostess"

THE sky seemed bright with promise for you, back in those days when you first decided to make aviation your career. Girls were flying chartered planes, ferrying bombers, doing a lot of important flying jobs they'd never done before. Then the war ended, the boys came home with scads and scads of flying and other aviation experience—they were the logical ones to take on the really exciting flying jobs—and where was *your* future? You hadn't even begun your training! Would there be a place for you in aviation, after all?

Well, if you meet the personality requirements and are determined to get the necessary training, the answer to

that one is "Yes." There are careers for women in aviation—some of the most romantic and promising in American industry. You have to dig for them, that's all, and not always in the most obvious places. Chances are, you won't be a pilot unless you're exceptionally well qualified, but you can find satisfying work you'll enjoy in the many other aviation lines, provided you really want it and are willing to work hard at it.

The major airlines have already started world-wide expansion of their routes and services. Our government has drawn up plans for a greater Federal Airways System, as well as a National Air- (Continued on page 50)

transport plane is the largest
model below has two decks



Oval—Trouble shooter Eunice Bryan, 20, of Pan American World Airways, checks one of the four 1600-horsepower engines of a giant Clipper at La Guardia Field, New York City.

Below—Here's how those plane room stewards are checked. It's a double job to keep smiling and route the passengers right, but girls do it, and very well. Photo by Thomas Weber.

This girl radio operator keeps in touch with United Air Lines pilots in flight and keeps records of reports.



Evelyn Wiedman came to the airways the art way. She's making an engineering drawing for the officers.



Above—Girl work at overhauling instruments for the American Airlines. Below—This United Air Lines hostess, a mighty appetizing dish herself, prepares a tray for an air passenger.



The YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

What Chip did to the
Dramatic Club shouldn't happen to
Shakespeare, and when it did,
it almost meant curtains for Chip

By BLAKE GILPIN BOWMAN

THE Student Council meeting had been under-
way for only a few minutes when it was
interrupted by a sharp knock on the door.
As Nan looked up from the head of the meeting
table to find "Come in," the door was flung
forcefully open and Chip and Wally stood silently
and defiantly on its threshold.

The council members gaped to amazement. It
wasn't the fact that "Hip and Wally" dared to
invade the sanctity of the meeting that rather
the clothing the two were sporting that was
so startling.

Wally was wearing a faded jersey that carried
only a faint suggestion of the Yorktown High
colors. His shorts were a typical version of
castaway sailors, and his running shoes gave
the impression that his toes were sticking out.

Chip was hardly more presentable. He was
attired in the remnants of a baseball suit. His

trousers had more holes than cloth and his shirt
was stained and worn beyond repair. He moved
with a rolling motion because half of the cleats
were missing from his shoes.

Nan broke in on the silent inspection. "Going
to an old-clothes party?" she asked.

"No self-respecting old-clothes party would
warn us around," Wally answered. "We're too
shabby."

"Then why the masquerade?" Bob questioned.

"We just wished to show this distinguished
Student Council how the teams representing
the school are going to look this spring. Wally
conducted with amazing dignity considering his
appearance."

Chip was mute to the point. "This is our best.
What are the teams going to do?" he asked.

Nan studied them carefully. "I suspect you
two of roughing these uniforms up a bit, she
said in a stern tone.

"How did everything get so run down? I
thought uniforms were replaced as they were
needed," one of the girls asked.

"The war again. Nan absent-mindedly tapped
the table with her pencil. "No money for frivol-
ities, and a shortage of materials even if there
had been the money."

"Well have you know that crack and boarded
are not frivolous." Chip started off belligerently.
"And besides, he was a over now."

"O.K. O.K." Nan interrupted. "But I don't
know exactly what you want us to do about it,
anyway. The students aren't supposed to buy
their own uniforms. You're in the wrong office.
The principal's office is three doors down the
hall. Just knock."

"We've been here," Wally interrupted her
kidding. "No sale. There's a new gymnasium
coming up."

In which the teams will be playing in har-
rels, Chip said mournfully.

You mean I would not only be nice of us
but it's downright necessary for us to crash
through and into the uniforms?" Bob asked.

Stella was giving her dramatic all to the end of the
halley scene. "Good night, good night!" she sighed.





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attired in the remnants of a baseball suit. His

Stella was giving her dramatic all to the end of the
balcony scene. "Good night, good night!" she sighed.



trousers had more holes than cloth and his shirt was stained and worn beyond repair. He moved with a rolling motion because many of the cleats were missing from his shoes.

Nan broke in on the silent inspection. "Going to an old-clothes party?" she asked.

"No self-respecting old-clothes party would want us around," Wally answered. "We're too shaggy."

"Then why the masquerade?" Bob questioned.

"We just wished to show this distinguished Student Council how the teams representing its school are going to look this spring," Wally announced with amazing dignity considering his appearance.

Chip was more to the point. "This is our best. What are the teams going to do?" he wailed.

Nan studied them carefully. "I suspect you two of roughing those uniforms up a bit," she said in mock sternness.

"How did everything get so run down? I thought uniforms were replaced as they were needed?" one of the girls asked.

"The war again." Nan absent-mindedly tapped the table with her pencil. "No money for frivolities, and a shortage of materials even if there had been the money."

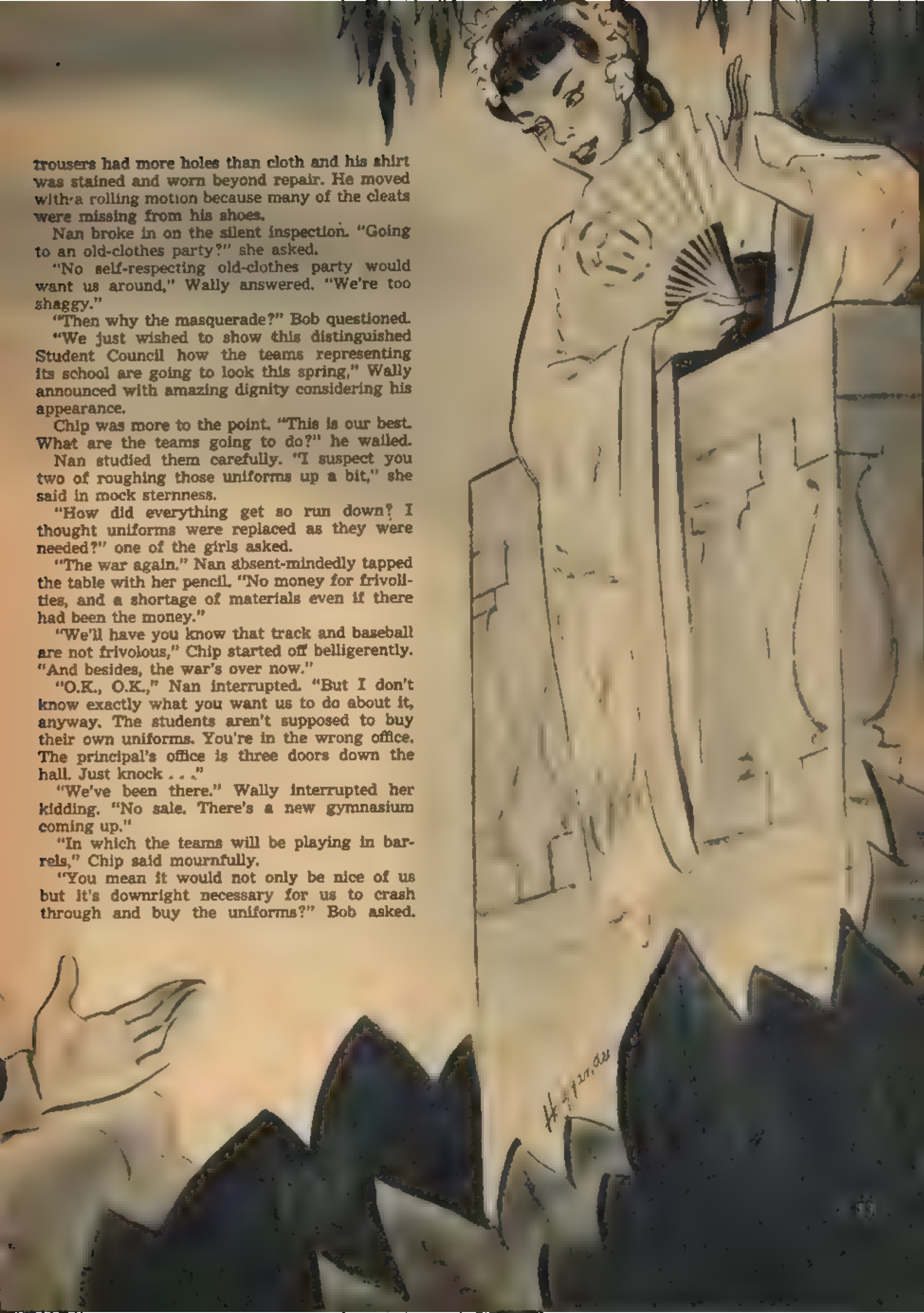
"We'll have you know that track and baseball are not frivolous," Chip started off belligerently. "And besides, the war's over now."

"O.K., O.K.," Nan interrupted. "But I don't know exactly what you want us to do about it, anyway. The students aren't supposed to buy their own uniforms. You're in the wrong office. The principal's office is three doors down the hall. Just knock . . ."

"We've been there." Wally interrupted her kidding. "No sale. There's a new gymnasium coming up."

"In which the teams will be playing in barrels," Chip said mournfully.

"You mean it would not only be nice of us but it's downright necessary for us to crash through and buy the uniforms?" Bob asked.



"Right." Wally dropped his pose and let his shoulders slouch back to normal. "In fact we are here to put the touch on the Student Council."

"No go, 'cause no dough," stated Selma Stevens, the Council's treasurer.

"Well, a fine brush-off this is. What kind of a Student Council do we have that . . ." Wally had an angry look and was settling down to some bitter complaining when Nan interrupted.

"Wait up a minute, Wally. As Selma said, we have practically no money in the treasury, but we might raise some."

"How about putting the bite on the local citizens?" Wally suggested.

Nan frowned. "Seems rather blunt. We'll need quite a lot of money, so I think we might better use a little finesse. I don't quite see a door-to-door collection."

"We could have a party and ask people to come, and then tell them our problem," Selma contributed meekly.

"I'm afraid I can't see my parents, for two, getting steamed up about a high school party," Ed objected.

"But they might come to a play. Fond parents always turn out for plays." Nan sounded almost as if she were thinking out loud.

For the first time since he came in the door Wally smiled. "Now we're getting somewhere. What play shall we give? What admission should we charge?"

"Hey, slow down!" Nan grinned. "We can't be quite so high-handed about all this. This council only works out suggestions and what not, to be presented to the school as a whole. We'll have to vote on this in assembly and elect a play committee if the idea goes and . . ."

Wally didn't wait for any more. He grabbed Chip by the arm and pushed him out the door ahead of him. "Come on, Chip," he said. "Let's put a few words in a few ears to make sure

the right people don't cut assembly tomorrow."

Wally's campaigning was hardly necessary. At the assembly the next morning, everyone was all for the play scheme. It was suggested that the program carry the message that profits from the performance would be used for the purchase of new track and baseball equipment. It was also decided that if all went well and the audience seemed in a happy mood, someone might even make a little speech after the last act and invite contributions to the cause. Mr. Archer beamed upon the whole idea, and Miss Ames volunteered that the Dramatic Club could meet in her room right after school to choose the play.

The Dramatic Club meeting got underway quickly.

"The question," Stella, president of the club, started out, "is what play?"

"Let's do something serious and classical, like Shakespeare."

"'Romeo and Juliet,'" Selma begged.

"Oh, no," Nan called out from her unaccustomed back seat. "Couldn't we do something funny? High school plays are always so serious and heavy-handed."

"We are serious about this, and it's a good chance to prove it. I vote for 'Romeo and Juliet,' as

Selma just suggested," Bob said.

"Yes, we can prove to our older generation that we are interested in the classics as well as in the jive," Holly contributed.

"But . . ." Nan started to try again and then turned to Miss Ames. "Miss Ames, don't you think a modern, drawing-room comedy would be nicer?"

Miss Ames shook her head slowly. "No, Nan. I really don't. Young people your age can look a little silly trying to play the suave sophisticates. And most of you have been studying 'Romeo and Juliet' in class lately. We ought to be able to work up quite a good production."

"I seem to be outvoted," Nan said.

"Well, that's settled." Stella threw Nan a thank-you grin. "What else is there? Tryouts—Bob, will you post notices?"

"Right. And Ed and I can get out tickets and stuff."

"Fine. Properties, Nan, are you going to try out?"

"I'm afraid I'm not much of an actress."

"Then will you stage-manage? You do it so well."

"Sure. I want to have some part in this."

"Costumes." Stella looked down at the list she was making. "Do you think we have time to make them?"

"Materials are expensive and still hard to get," Miss Ames said. "Have you enough money to rent them? I think it would really be better."

"They probably would look more finished," Stella admitted. "Do you know a good place, Miss Ames?"

"Why, yes. There's one in town. All we have to do is write out an order, and they'll take care of everything. It would save you a lot of time if you want to get this thing together quickly."

"Then let's do that. I guess that takes care of everything until we have try-outs."

(Continued on page 74)



"Hello, Gracie—I just happened to be walking by and thought I'd drop in."

YOUR PRETTY EASTER FACE

**Wear a smooth,
clear complexion and
artistic make-up with that new outfit. It's really neat!**

YOU plan and plan for your Easter outfit. From top to toe your clothes are fresh and smooth. But how about your complexion? Even if you can't rush out and buy a new face, you can begin now to Take Steps to have a prettier one to wear under your Easter bonnet. Choose your cosmetics wardrobe just as carefully as your clothes. Here are a few of the products designed to make you a more Terrific Teen. (Prices do not include tax.) Remember that thorough cleansing, and treatment of any spots, must come before make-up. And it's an everyday job, not just something extra for special occasions.

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor



• Melinda Cosmetics for Teens are luxury stuff but good treatment, too. Try Herba Lotion for cleansing and Specia Lotion for troubled skin (\$1.50 each) if you want to clear up those spots. Other Melinda Cosmetics at your teen department, too. We like Melinda's lipsticks especially — yours for \$1.

• Rose Laird, maker of famous Young Skin Cosmetics preparations, has assembled the essentials to a lovely complexion in our handy kit. Even problem skins respond to her glamorized medication. Complete kit (\$3.50) or Individual Young Skin preparations may be bought at leading department stores.

• Angel-Cream is a balanced formula created by Elizabeth Hae-Lamont for teenage dry skin but it looks like strawberry whip and smells good enough to eat. Primarily a lubricant it also may be used for cleansing and as a powder base. Use sparingly! (Small jar, \$1; twice as much, \$1.50.)

• The big, ~~beeswax~~ ~~plastic~~ ~~compact~~ ~~and~~ ~~matching~~ ~~lipstick~~ ~~case~~ make perfect accessories to your Easter outfit and are definitely budget priced — only \$1 for both Pick aqua, red, pink or blue for the cases. The lipstick is smooth and is available in a choice of six shades.

• Teentimers Magic Mix All-Purpose Cream to make face super smooth and Velvet Touch Hand Lotion for hands to match (\$1 each). Dream Drama perfume is the very breath of spring (\$2.50 for 1/2 oz.). A whole line of other exciting Teentimer Cosmetics are allowance priced* at teen departments.

Work-Camp Summers Are Here!

New friends, new experiences, new adventures—

all waiting to meet—the summer of your life!

By the author of *Work-Camp Summers*



JULY 4: A wonderful Independence Day with all of us Uncle Sam's children working. First baseball game between the camp and the community turned into tears and cheers—onions to the camp and orchids to the community!

July 8: While several of the boys were becoming rich men at sixty-five cents per hour and some girls were making an "honest living," the rest of us went to a movie. Tonight the long-awaited scavenger hunt which should be "something."

July 12: Blue Thursday! All the girls jobless and a few boys in the same predicament. The jobless weeded the camp garden, dug a garbage hole, tried to look busy. Better luck tomorrow.

July 13: Rain. No work. Scraped the pews for the village church, which is to be redecorated.

July 15: Seven people spent a messy day setting out hundreds of cabbages. Oh, I guess we're not too old for mud pies!

August 1: Today Barbie slipped off her hard bike onto a soft bed of shiny, three-leaved plants. Some of us accompanied her to the camp hospital. Don't sit under the apple tree with anybody, girls, especially Poison Eric.

August 15: Our last camp-and-community dance at the grange tonight. Everybody had fun—everybody!

August 20: We campers ran

the Sunday service at the village church today. Inspiring talk by our director on "Bridges"—between city and country, races, religions, nations. It hit home. We'll all remember.

Sounds like fun, doesn't it? That's one diary page by a teen-age girl from *Weeder's Digest*. *Weeder's Digest* has a very small, exclusive, and enthusiastic summer circulation, for it is written, printed, and

chuckled over by about thirty girls and boys in one of New England's work camps. They are all teen-agers, and in two interesting months they discovered that hard, useful, grown-up work can be an exciting adventure, especially when it is shared with a congenial bunch. It's only one of a number of such camps for young people who yearn to do something—to help out where labor's needed, and to earn something during their summers.

A work-camp summer is apt to just hit the spot if during the past few years you've found that you're prone to
(Continued on page 78)





Above—Laying it on with a trowel is one way of fixing up an old Chicago slum dwelling, and these two work-campers are making with the mortar and loving it. Instead of sighing over the slums, they're doing something concrete about them.

Above, right—Who said painting, bricklaying, and shingling a roof was no work for a lady? These girls from a high school camp in Pennsylvania are discovering they're good at it. They're helping a Negro home reconstruction cooperative.

Right—These "Peter Pipers" from a work camp near Amherst, Mass., are washing and packing their peck of peppers. Of course, it isn't always peppers they're called on to pick. They do a fine job keeping vegetables rolling off to market.

Opposite page—Up with the sun and then out in the fields to speed the job of feeding the world—that's the summer vacation work of the teen-agers at the camp near Concord, Mass. The celery-planting group (circle) knows its teamwork.



Photos courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture, American Friends Service Committee, and the American Unitarian Association.

MOVIES that MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor



During the years when the Ziegfeld Follies was usually the most sumptuous scene on Broadway many brilliant talents, as well as famous beauties, were introduced to an enraptured public. Now a Technicolor film, "Ziegfeld Follies," has been made in the same opulent manner, with stars of both past and present. That's Fanny Brice in the circle and the puppet is Eddie Cantor—two stars who appeared in the stage show. The movie's roster also includes Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Esther Williams, Lucille Bremer, and others. (MGM)

Gail Russell and Brian Lynn continue to amuse us with the growing pains of Cornelia Otis Skinner and her friend, Emily Kimbrough, in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." The period is the mid-twenties; the locale, Greenwich Village; the fun and laughs—plenty. (Param.)

Here's a thriller, "The Spiral Staircase." Dorothy McGuire plays a girl who has lost the power of speech; Ethel Barrymore is a paralytic. Yet when chance opens the way for them to catch a murderer provided they regain their powers, suddenly they do! (RKO)



When Charlotte Brontë went up to London to consult her publishers, like as not she would encounter Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray. Little did she know that her own novel, "Jane Eyre," would become as famous as the works of these authors who were writing the best sellers of her day. Charlotte's life story and that of her two sisters, Emily and Anne, as told in "Devotion," was as rueful in many ways as the lives of the Brontë sisters' heroines. (Warners)



England's two most popular stars of the moment, James Mason and Ann Todd, make "The Seventh Veil" an arresting film. And the music, played by the London Symphony Orchestra and the British pianist, Eileen Joyce, makes it a distinguished one. The story is about a renowned concert pianist, Miss Todd, who through a deeply hidden fear of having her hands injured finally loses the use of them. A psychiatrist looks behind the veils of her mind to discover the cause and cure of her illness. (Univ.)



Glen Langan, on the left, is slated for stardom in the coming year. Are your thumbs up? In "Sentimental Journey" he has a minor role, with Maureen O'Hara and John Payne as the stars. But in a later picture he will have the romantic lead opposite Gene Tierney. To come back to "Sentimental Journey"—it's a sad film in which Maureen dies and her husband John Payne is disconsolate. How she goes on trying to bring him happiness is the story. (20th C-Fox)





They all huddled together, and when the heart stopped pounding, Jenny could hear voices.

The Miss Installation

JENNY could have cried from weariness and despair. So much had happened to her in the past few hours. And now, as a grand climax, she was being taken to a police station. She supposed the police would telephone her home, and her mother would inevitably find out about it, and would probably have a relayee. And it was all her—Jenny's fault. As if she hadn't already caused enough trouble by being responsible for the loss of Mrs. McGee's suitcase package, spoling Bob a few hours in New York and getting nice Jake arrested just because he was trying to be helpful.

But, because matters couldn't very well be worse, she decided to make one

last effort to improve them. She thrust her head out of the taxicab window and began to talk very loud and fast to the officer riding in the running board.

At first he seemed only mildly amused by her fantastic tale of locked rooms and a man impersonating a police officer. After a while she knew he was listening to her intently. She concluded her report of their interminable chase through subways and underground passages.

"So then we lost him," she said. "And we were on our way back to the house where they locked Bob and me up. We thought he might go back here."

From his precarious perch the policeman turned to look at her closely. It sounds to me like you've been reading too many books, youngster.



The queer old house held one
more surprise for Johnny and Bob—and this
breath-taker topped all the others!

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "New Broome Experiment"

de Hartman



They all huddled together; and when her heart stopped pounding, Jenny could hear voices.

The Final Installment

JENNY could have cried from weariness and despair. So much had happened to her in the past few hours. And now, as a grand climax, she was being taken to a police station. She supposed the police would telephone her home, and her mother would inevitably find out about it, and would probably have a relapse. And it was all her—Jenny's—fault. As if she hadn't already caused enough trouble by being responsible for the loss of Mrs. McGee's valuable package, spoiling Bob's few hours in New York, and getting nice Jake arrested just because he was trying to be helpful.

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last effort to improve them. She thrust her head out of the taxicab window and began to talk very loud and fast to the officer riding on the running board.

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"So then we lost him," she said. "And we were on our way back to that house where they locked Bob and me up. We thought he might go back there."

From his precarious perch the policeman turned to look at her closely. "It sounds to me like you've been reading too many books, youngster."

"Honestly, sir." Bob's head had joined Jenny's at the window. "It's all true. Couldn't we just go . . ."

"Here we are, officer." The cab pulled to a halt, and Jenny saw with amazement that Jake had brought them to the house, after all—or, rather, to a spot some hundred yards down the block from it. "Thought you might just want to take a look around. That's the house."

"Why, you . . .!" He stopped suddenly, his eyes apparently caught by a figure rounding the corner.

Jenny followed his glance and gasped. "Why, there's Mrs. McGee now! Officer, can't we at least tell her . . ."

"Quiet!" There was all the authority of the law in the single grim word.

Silently they all watched the old lady walking primly along the sidewalk, and Jenny's eyes widened to see her turn calmly in at the house where she and Bob had been imprisoned.

"How did she know where . . .?" she began in a low whisper.

"So that's your Mrs. McGee, is it?" the policeman demanded. He smiled briefly, and it wasn't a pleasant smile. "I should have guessed," he added mysteriously. "Come on, all of you. And keep quiet."

Mrs. McGee must have been in a great hurry, because the inner door of the house had not been carefully closed. The officer pushed it open, waited until they had all entered, and let it close softly behind them. Above them they could hear Mrs. McGee's footsteps, and a moment later her knock—three quick raps, a pause, and then two more. And then a door opened and closed.

The police officer nodded with satisfaction and started up the stairs as silently as if he wore felt slippers. The others, following, did their best to keep as quiet. At the top of the second flight he paused, raised his

eyebrows questioningly. Jenny nodded. Yes, this was where they had been.

They all huddled there together; and when her heartbeat had become a little less loud Jenny could hear voices. One of them was Mrs. McGee's, but it no longer sounded gentle and sweet as it had on the train.

"Why did you bring them here in the first place?"

"I told you." It was the cold, angry voice of the man who had kidnapped them which answered. "The little brat was being stubborn, and just then I happened to see a policeman right outside the door. I had to get out of there, and fast. So I took them along. For that matter, what made you give it to her? You're the one who got us into all this."

"I thought I recognized a federal agent on the train. I didn't want to have the package on me if I was picked up. But I might have known I couldn't trust you two to do anything right. Well, where is it now?"

"Carter's bringing it—I hope. He was going to come back here and tell the kids he was a plain-clothesman and . . ."

Officer O'Reilly began to move his feet audibly, like a soldier marking time. Jenny realized that he was deliberately creating the impression of someone walking up the stairs. Then he left them,

moving down the hall toward the door. And an instant later he had knocked on it, with a repetition of the three quick raps, followed by two more, which Mrs. McGee had used.

Distinctly, they could hear Mrs. McGee's "There's Carter now."

And then the door was opened and the officer was saying, "Well, Granny Mac, I haven't seen you for a long time. I think we ought to have a little talk." There was the sound of a brief scuffle, a sharp "Drop that gun!" and then several minutes of silence. Then the officer added calmly, "All right. You folks can come on in. They're harmless—now."

"You haven't got anything on us," Mrs. McGee was saying. "You can search this place—if you've got a warrant—and you won't find a thing."

"No, I don't suppose I will. You people have always managed to cover your tracks pretty well. But everybody slips up once in a while, you know—and I think maybe you slipped today. But I haven't got a warrant, as you suggest, so I won't try to search. I think it will be easier just to wait around here until your friend Carter arrives with the evidence. I gather you expect him soon?"

The old lady tightened her lips.

"O.K. You don't have to answer." He turned to Jenny. "What's your name, youngster?"

"Jenny. Jenny Whitman," she answered faintly.

"Good. And this is . . . ?"

"Bob Cranach."

"All right. Now, is this the woman who gave you a parcel, Jenny, just before you reached Pennsylvania Station?" They both nodded. "And is this the man who brought you both to this house and locked you in here?" They nodded again.

"I can testify to that, too, officer," Jake spoke up.

"Good." He crossed to the telephone, called headquarters, said, "O'Reilly here," and then
(Continued on page 48)



"Oh, sure. He's still my steady—except in the evenings."



WHEN YOU'RE The HOSTESS

You want your guests to
want to come again, right? Well,
charm is the best guest-bait going!

By MARTHA ROSS

THE gang pays Sue a wonderful compliment at least once a week. It's always the same compliment, but it is just as heart-warming and flattering every time it is said. The words vary a little, but the gist of it is, "Let's go over to Sue's house."

Of course, that's not a compliment in so-many-words, but underneath the casualness is a sincere tribute, a tribute to a charming hostess who makes everybody welcome and everyone feel at ease and happy in Sue's home. Being a good hostess is not a question of finances. Sue has no fancy game room, no lavish buffet, nor even a phonograph. You gather in the kitchen or the family living room at Sue's. There is an old piano to bang around, and the refreshments, if any, are apt to be peanut butter sandwiches. But she does have a priceless possession—the knack of being gracious.

The gracious hostess is the considerate one whose first concern is that the guests enjoy (Continued on page 62)

So your hair is too-this or too-that and you think you no can do anything with it. . Try a new solution to your problem

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

Can-Do HAIR-DOS



DOES your hair never grow long, but just seem to stop a few inches from the head? You can make the most of it by cultivating a little-girl look and wearing it in a straight, short bob, with bangs. Keep it shining clean, of course. Or wear a feather cut with a difference. Nancy Dorn's short hair is curled softly all around, but she brings the sides up and back from the temples with small combs and turns the front section under in a loose bang effect. Nancy has become expert at making her own pin curls. A feather cut must be brushed a lot, too, and shampooed often.



VERY, very thick or too-curly hair is inclined to stand out and make your head look like a big bush. It must be brought under control for smartness. If you have your hair thinned, be sure not to have "bunches" cut out, for they will grow back awkwardly. For setting a wave you will need to use heavy waving lotion and allow it to dry thoroughly. Use a good stiff brush and a strong comb.

Eileen Walsh's hair is both thick and too curly, but she manages a smooth hair-do. She brushes and brushes and brushes, of course. The back section she rolls under on rags, just dampening the hair very slightly with water and leaving it rolled for only fifteen minutes. When she takes it down, she slides the rags out at the sides, leaving the roll turned under. She applies a tiny dab of Vaseline or hair pomade with the palm of her hand and then vigorously brushes the top sections back, anchoring them in place over each ear with novelty barrettes. You could use combs, if you prefer. The hair is then drawn smoothly together at the nape of the neck and fastened with a larger matching barrette. Eileen turns her hair under in a roll, but allows a few curls to turn up at the sides, to soften the outline. See? She's got the popular smooth-top look, her hair isn't flying all over the place, and isn't it a becoming style? Could be for you, maybe.



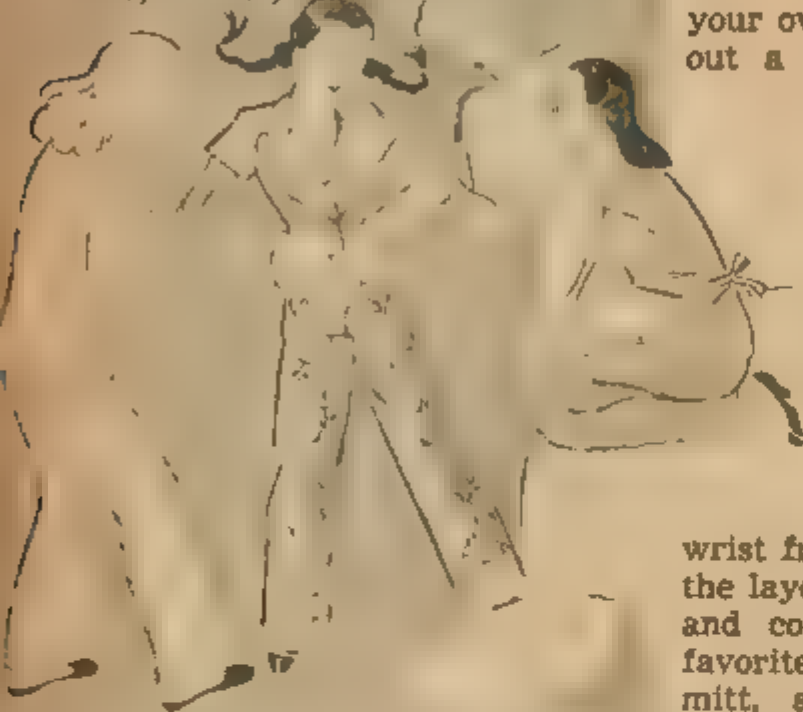
HAIR that is very coarse and wiry presents somewhat the same problem as too-thick hair. It tends to stand out awkwardly. Braids are fine for this kind of hair, but naturally you want to do something interesting and different with them. Jerry Mann turns to the popular Mexican influence for an original hair-do that is fun and becoming. The first step is to comb all the hair together and fasten with an elastic band at the crown of the head. You may have a front part or just comb your hair straight back. Just be sure it's all smoothly in place. Divide the "tail" in two sections. Jerry's hair is rather short and uneven, so she works ribbons into the braids to give them length. If your hair is long enough, you may want to leave them out, or you could use yarn. Jerry secures six inch-wide ribbons under the elastic band and braids three ribbons and three strands of hair into each of the two braids. Another elastic or a pin fastens the end of each hair-and-ribbon braid and then they are turned under and caught with bobby pins. A flat ribbon bow on a barrette conceals the top elastic. The ribbons in the picture are black, but Jerry also uses three different colors and creates a pretty rainbow effect. When she wears a formal, she sometimes uses a whole yard of ribbon for each strand of braid and lets the long ends flutter down her back. Is that a conversation piece!

IF your hair is straight and fairly long, this hair-do copied from the ballet dancers can be a lifesaver. Of course it is equally attractive for wavy hair. Fifteen-year-old Ginger Gray has the straightest kind of hair. She parts it in three sections, as sketched, with a side-front part and two back parts running from the top to the neckline about two inches back of the ears. You could eliminate the front part, if you wish, or center it. She pins the middle back section out of the way while she arranges the top. Then she combs all but that neckline section together smoothly at the crown of her head and fastens it with a barrette. Holding one hand firmly over the barrette so it won't slip, she then combs the topknot hair down into the remaining section. Sometimes Ginger wears a long, flat ribbon bow over the barrette. The trick in this newly-smart hair-do is in combing the hair back of the ears up into the top section—gives a lift that makes it anything but "little girl." Needless to say, only hair that is immaculately clean will look well in this style, or in any other, for that matter.

Photographs courtesy Proffter and Gamble, makers of Drene Shampoo.

A Dilly for Dating—Save odd beads and pearls to sew on a light pink or blue sweater. Presto! You have a new outfit for that special date.—*Rose Lee Emen, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Pajama Party Patter—Embroider your friends' names, your school initials, and jive talk on your pajamas for that next pajama party, and you'll start the gab session off with a bang.—*Louise Rice, Becket, Mass.*



Aces High—You take the ace of hearts from an old pack of playing cards and mount it, face up, on a blotter to make a spirit-lifting school accessory.—*Sally-Ruth Burch, Scarsdale, N. Y.*

Sequin Sparkles—Spread a thin layer of colorless nail polish on your silver barrette, and while the polish is still wet drop a number of colored sequins on it. When it's dry you'll have a real sparkler for your hair.—*Joan Bialorucka, Toledo, Ohio.* Or if you want initials on your hair clasp, cut them out of paper and glue them to your barrette. Then cover with a layer of colorless polish.—*Mary Arentsen, Milwaukie, Ore.*

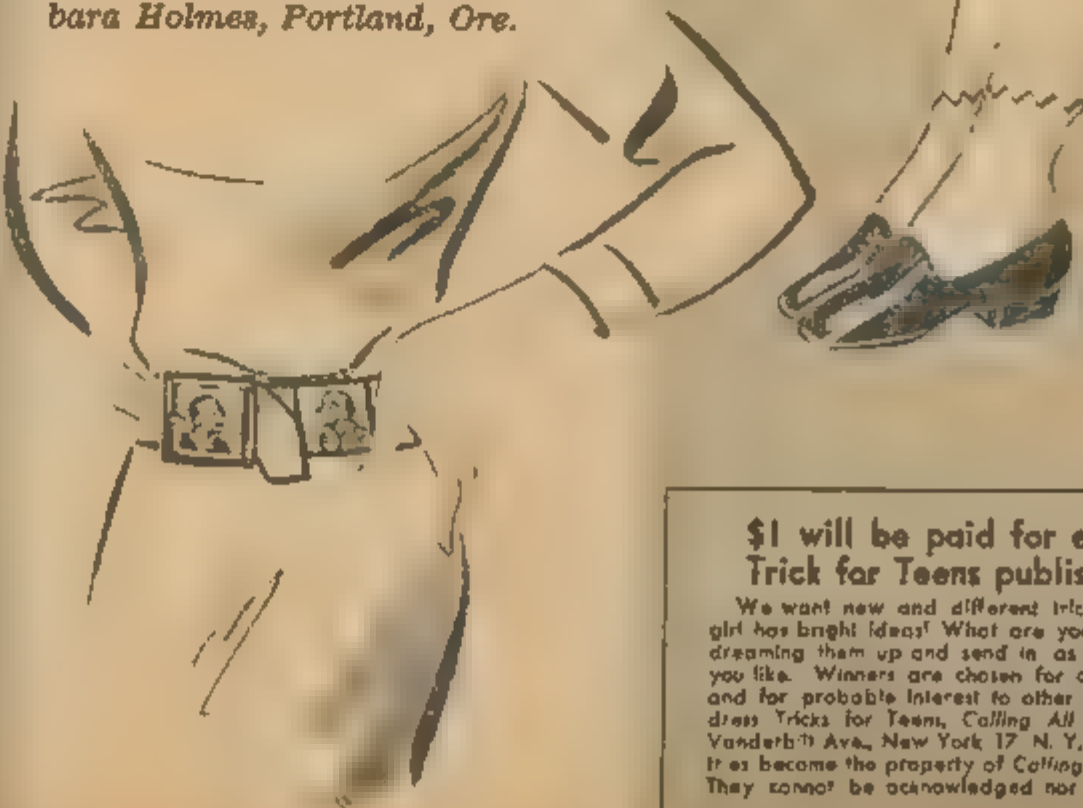
Muffle that Alarm!—If your alarm clock practically knocks you out of bed in the morning, you can give it a more well-mannered tick and alarm by fitting a piece of cardboard around the body of the clock (being sure to leave the face and winders exposed).—*Ilene Hirsh, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

TRICKS for TEENS

And a Splash of Powder—Make your own powder mitt by cutting out a large mitt from an old, loosely woven bath towel. After cutting two more of the same pattern from a piece of heavy cotton material, you're ready to turn in the edges and sew all three together. You can make ties for the

wrist from a piece of ribbon. Fill the layer between the terry cloth and cotton material with your favorite bath powder, tie on your mitt, and powder away!—*Virginia Corn, Little Rock, Ark.*

Picture Your Pals—Put them on this new photograph belt. Glue small snapshot pictures of the gang on a wide belt. You can show off your O.A.O. by giving him a red border. Your friends will love your belt, and they can't help but notice that slim waistline.—*Barbara Holmes, Portland, Ore.*



Right up to the Minute!—That's what you'll be when you wear a lapel watch cut from a piece of white felt or a powder puff. Embroider the numbers on the face with black floss. Cut the hands from black felt and attach them to the face of the watch with a brad. Now you can set the hands for the hour you're to meet that solid Jackson!—*Marie Barch, Brackenridge, Pa.*

Dizzy Socks—Rows of rickrack, different colors, round and round your white ankle socks, put zip in your socks and go with almost all of your spring dresses.—*Betty Cagle, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged nor returned.



Let 'em Eat CUPCAKES!

And don't think they won't—if you use these good-to-the-last-crumb recipes

By **JANE RICHARDS**

Food Editor

THOSE ration stamps don't shorten anybody's sweet tooth. They just leave even the most experienced cooks with Problems. Nobody gets a chance to do nearly as much baking as it would be fun to do. Everybody feels a little frustrated. So if you want to get your measuring cup into that sugar bin, you'll have to produce Reasons to offset the Problems. Here's a dandy.

It's a whiz of a recipe. It makes cakes. It makes them with the absolute minimum of sugar and no shortening. Two-inch cupcakes—two dozen. Twelve of the larger size. Eight-inch layer or loaf cake. And

cakes both you and your mother will be glad to have in the house—while they last. Bake twice as often on the same ration—whee!

Sponge Cake

Here we go, then. Separate the yolks and whites of 3 eggs (save 2 of the whites in a separate dish for icing). Beat the yolks till they are a light lemon-yellow. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of salt and sift them together twice to be pure they are lumpless and evenly combined. Then add them gradually to the egg yolks, beating all the time. Stir into this $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of boiling water. Now you need (Continued on page 66)

**JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT**

NO FIBBER MCGEE CLOSETS HERE

Compared to Fibber, you may be a paragon of neatness, but these ideas will help you make your closet even more tidy and attractive

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON
Decorating Editor



Below—The next best thing to having a closet all to yourself is having half a closet that is really yours to do with as you wish. Don't depend on an imaginary dividing line; a plywood board is much more effective.

THEY all laugh when Fibber McGee of the well-known radio program opens his closet door and the contents come tumbling out with a great clash and clatter. (That's Fibber McGee, Molly, and closet in the picture above. See what we mean?) But 'tain't funny, m'girl, when it happens to you!

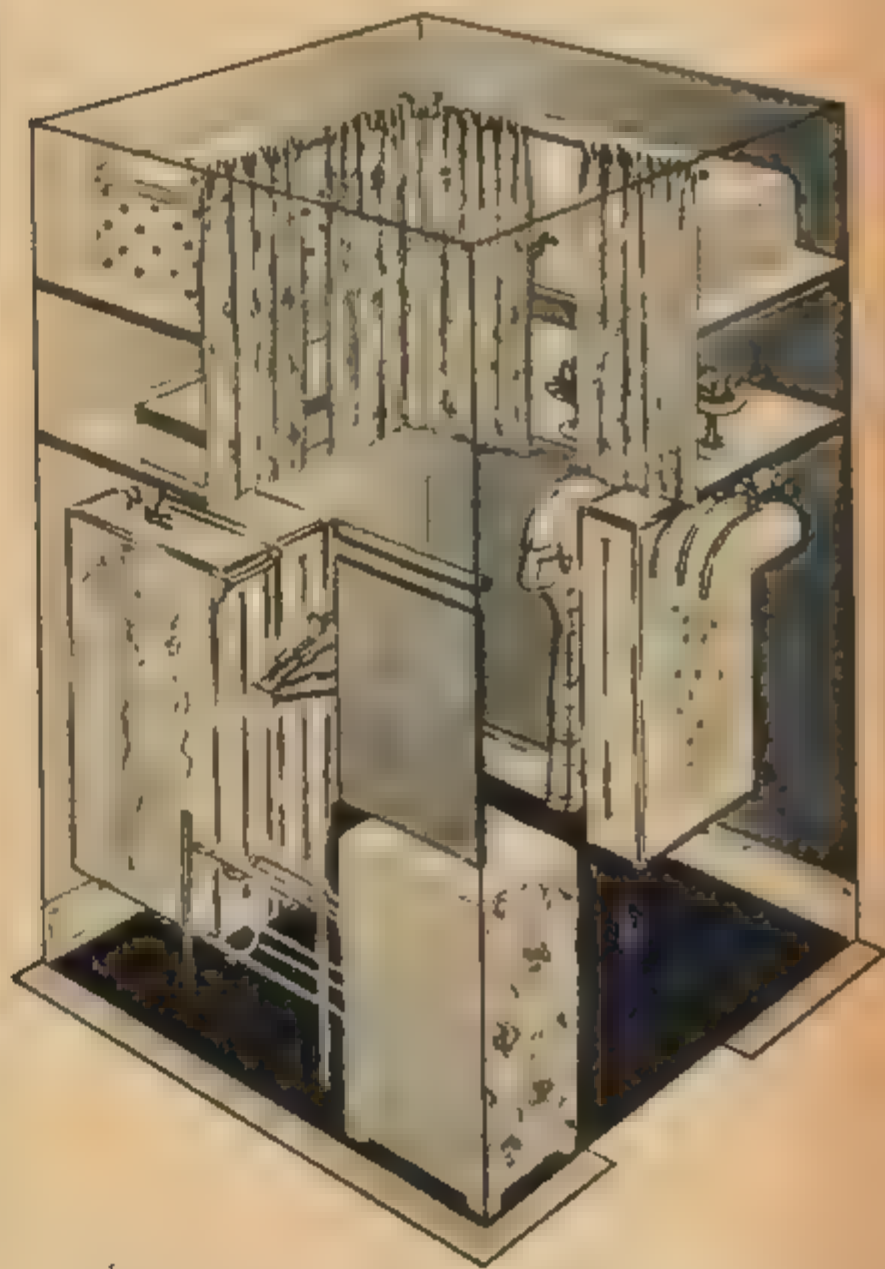
Let "a place for everything, and everything in its place" be your closet motto. There are a number of closet fixtures and conveniences available that will not only increase the storage space in your closet, but will also help you to keep your clothes in good condition. Provide handy swinging hangers for your skirts, boxes or racks for hats, and shoe racks, of course. Garment bags and shoulder covers will keep your dresses fresh and neat. Extension rods and brackets which can hold a large number of hangers are especially good for small closets, as they practically double the storage capacity of the closet.

Don't overlook the beauty angle, either, in fixing up your closet. As you can see from the sketches on these pages, a closet can be glamorous and practical at the same time. Not only will the fixtures themselves be decorative, but in a few minutes you can apply inexpensive, ready-pasted wallpaper to the inside of your closet, or just to the door, that will make your closet a stand-out, the envy of your friends. Your closet is one place where you can really express your own tastes and individuality without much cost. If you fix it up and keep it neat, the family will be encouraged to let you try your hand at fixing up your room, too.





Left—Having a swishy closet like this ought to induce any girl to be tidy. Notice striped wallpaper on walls and door, the matching hat and sweater boxes, and the plastic-film garment bags that you can see into without having to unzip them. (Gimbel's, New York, has these handy bags in several sizes.) Round hatbox can be folded flat when traveling; other hatboxes have fronts which drop down to disclose what's in them. Use Tuckaway boxes on the lower shelf for sweaters, and the hamper at the right of the closet for holding soiled clothing.



Above—If you're a gal who fails to make the best use of closet space, take a tip from this sketch. All that space and such convenience, too! Notice the swinging skirt hangers, two-tier shoe rack, zippered garment bags and plastic-film shoulder covers for keeping dresses extra tidy. Hang a mirror and install a light over the chest in the corner, and the closet doubles as a dressing room. Flowered curtains not only conceal luggage and hatboxes, but help to dress up and beautify the closet, too.



Left—No closet in your room? Get one of these attractive ready-built wardrobes and you've turned a handicap into an asset. This E-Z-Do wardrobe holds nearly thirty dresses, has shelf space for shoes or hats, and—added bonus—gives you a full-length, three-way mirror at the same time. If you place a matching chest of drawers in one corner to hold undies, devote the space above it to blouses and jerkins. Shelving adds gay note.

JABBERWOCKY and

MAN HUNT

RUN, do not walk, to the nearest boy when your school declares a Sadie Hawkins Day or when one of the gang gives a Sadie Hawkins party. That's the time the wolves play hard-to-get and the gals play hard at getting. Here are some Sadie Hawkins ideas that Li'l Abner never dreamed up.

PATCH PARTY—Want to give a Sadie Hawkins party? Then send a different color fabric patch with your invitation to every boy. Tell each boy to sew the patch on his jeans—which, of course, he wears to the party. As the gals come in, they pick a patch from a box and then pair off with the boy whose jeans are patched to match. Catch?

READY, SET, GO!—No fair asking a boy to the Sadie Hawkins dance until you get the signal to "fire." The day and time for starting are posted on the school bulletin board. It's every gal for herself—and to the slowest go the Drips.

PRIZE PACKAGES—Just to make the Sadie Hawkins parties more exciting, prizes are awarded for the best vegetable corsages made by the Daisy Maes for their Li'l Abners. Hope yours is Reet as a Radish and Neat as a Beet. Or, they award prizes to the gal who comes in the tackiest costume. No fair winning without trying.

RED LETTER DAZE

Sure, you know that O.A.O. means *one-and-only*, but are you hep to the newer alpha-bait? It's as easy as A B C, once you know your letters.

M.F.C.—Moron First Class.

P.C.—Privileged Character

V.I.P.—Very Important Person

L.C.—Large Charge

C.R.—Cradle Robber

B.O.—Brush-Off

E.B.—Eager Beaver

S.O.S.—Same Old Stuff

W.A.D.—Without A Date

B.T.O.—Big Time Operator

S.A.L.—Sweet And Lovely



RHYME TIME

He: Flip the Lip, Drip. Platter some Chatter.

She: Got no Dirt, Bert. All Drab Gab. It's a Dull Lull. Heard you went Stag to the Drag. Did you Snag a Bag?

He: A Cute Beaut—a Knobby Bobby. She was Clicky, and I don't mean Icky.

She: I have a new Swoon Goon—a Money Honey.

He: You've struck Oil, Goff. Rope the Dope.

Well, All's Well that Ends—We Always Say!

QUESTION MARKS

My report card is low, so my face it is long—

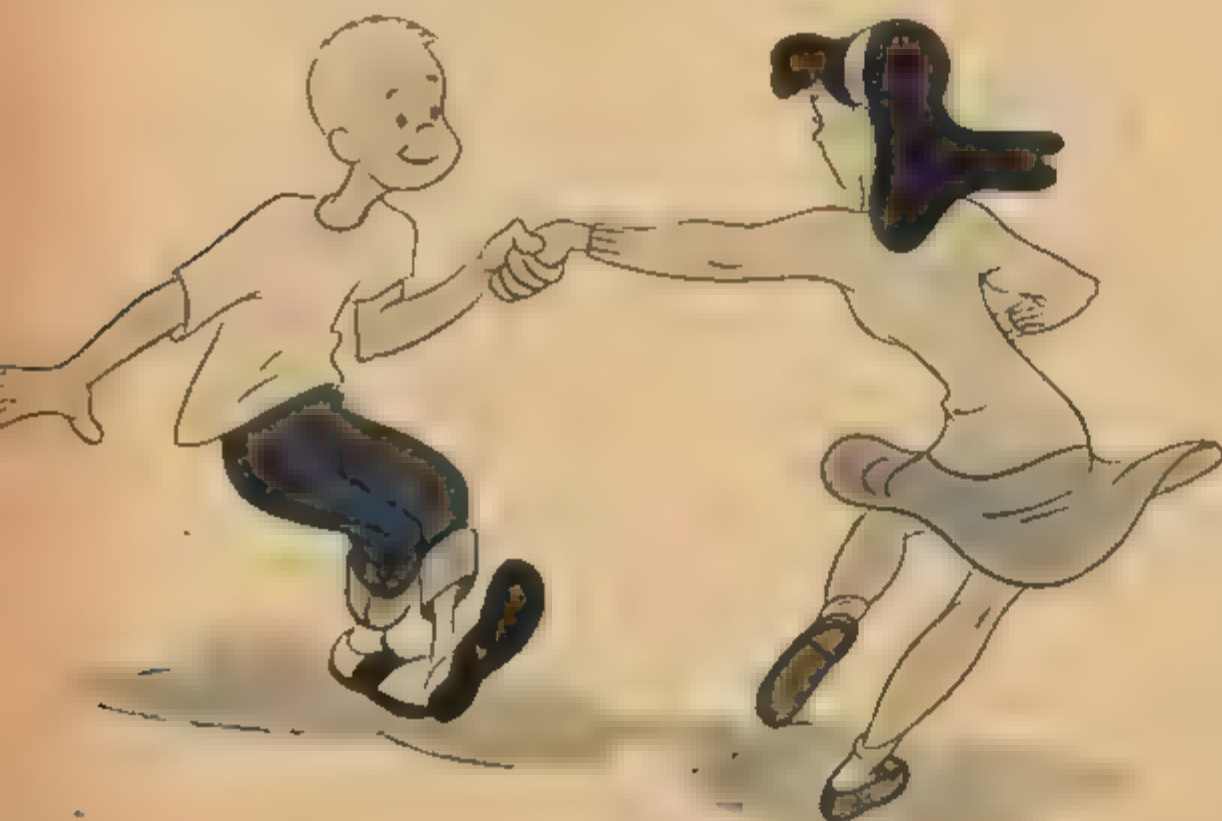
On study my friends make suggestions,

But I'm sure that my answers wouldn't be wrong.

IF TEACHER WOULD ASK THE RIGHT QUESTIONS!

UTTER NONSENSE DEPARTMENT

Since it's the business of this column to report on your daffier doin's, we've asked our Hi-Style Scouts (those soda-fountain sleuths who know all, see all, and tell all to Nancy Pepper) to tell us what's cookin' on the campus. **LOCKER LUNACIES**—You cut the heads from glamour girl photos in the magazines and the



JIVE

By **NANCY PEPPER**, Fashion Editor



bodies from men's photographs (or versa visa) and you paste 'em together on your locker door. Gruesome gluesomes!

NAME GAME—You buy little cards at the dime store that say, "Hello, I'm—, Who Are You?"—and you meet the best people when you wear them on your sweater.

TOYS FOR BOYS—Sounds like team practice for the Traffic Squad when the boys start blowing those toy whistles they're wearing round their necks. One blow means "Hubba," two blows mean "Hubba, Hubba," and, if you can put two and two together, maybe you have a date for Saturday night. Also, one of our Scouts reports that the boys bring little toy cars to school—the kind you wind up. They attach notes to them and let them loose during class. Next stop—Principal's office!

Get out the catcher's mit, Ma—we're throwing 'em wild tonight!

DAFFYNI-TIONS
FEATURE
MAN—O. A. O.
WOULD YOU
AD LIB WITH
ME?—Shall we dance?

HUBBA WITH FRECKLES—That could only mean Van Johnson.

HUMAN GIMME PIG—Demanding girl.

SNUB DUB—A snobbish girl.

RAZOR SOUP—Description of anything sharp.

COMING IN ON A BEAM—Everything is under control.
RAY CORDING'S ORCHESTRA—Your new name for the music that comes out of your phonograph.

Well, as one bee said to another bee—"Be it ever so bumble, there's no place like Comb Sweet Comb."

BOY CRAZIES

So the boys snicker at your sloppy Joes? So they babble about your bobby socks and shriek at your shirts? Well, as one worm said to another, "Let's turn"—and see what the well-dressed wolf is wearing around the country.

SUICIDE BLONDES—Bleached whiffles dyed by their own

hands are bad enough, but when one whole club of boys dyed their hair red, you could have knocked us down with a Hubba.

THEY DYE LAUGHING—We hear about boys dying their undershirts in violent colors and letting them show at the open collars of their sports shirts. We also hear that they're paint-

ing their shoes in bright colors and tying them with plaid laces. Better put Dimmers on your Glimmers, or you'll go color blind!

THEY DUDE IT—From California we hear that some of the boys are wearing earrings; from Illinois, we get the report about

names written in lipstick on boys' jeans; in Tennessee they say that red trousers are the blaze; in Oklahoma, they're wearing Daniel Boone coonskin hats, and in lots of cities, they've gone Apache with black turtle-neck sweaters. Oh, we mustn't forget the new fad for bow ties around the neck with T shirts, or the wide plaid suspenders over yellow shirts.

Well, who's laughing now?

SET YOUR COURSE

Oh, shall we be Brainy,
Or just be Hep Hedys?
In which shall we major—
Our Studies or Steadies?

FOLLOW THE LEADERS

Class will come to order, please. Who discovered America? Who discovered electricity? Who discovered the telephone? Who discovered Don Ameche? This has gone far enough to give you the main idea. We want to find the gals behind the fads you follow.

PENNIES IN MOCCASINS—The girl who started that had plenty of cents.

SPOON BRACELETS—The proprietor of the Corner P. X. (the marble slab) has a warrant out for this character.

DOG COLLAR BELTS—Who discovered that one dog collar plus one dog collar, equals one belt?

DOWNWARD LACINGS—Lacing your shoes down, instead of up, was positively inspired. But by whom and why?

AUTOGRAPHOBIA—Some unknown heroine wrote her O.A.O.'s name all over her raincoat, and a new era began for names on everything.

RED-RIMMED SPECS—Who discovered that red Digit Dazzle on frames gave Lassies with Glasses more Specs Appeal?

BACK BUTTONINGS—Who was the clever chick who reversed the cardigans of the nation?



All pictures on these pages are from Walt Disney's new full-length feature, "Make Mine Music," which is soon to be released.

MY DREAM CAME TRUE

(Continued from page 15)

early and getting up early, and studying for final exams between "takes" on a picture. But I love it—and I guess anything that you really enjoy doing, whether it is singing a song or hemming a towel, takes on a glisten.

Looking back now, I hardly remember just how it all came about. Not that it was so long ago, but everything happened so quickly.

I was eleven years old before Mother and Daddy decided I should take singing lessons. We were living in Portland, Oregon, where I was born, and my lessons were started with Mrs. Fred Olsen. She was a darling, but there were more times than I care to tell about when I just couldn't fall in with her theory of three hours' practice each day.

But Mother and Daddy were wonderful. When I had to miss a school party or a football game because of singing lessons or practice, they would always plan something special to make up for it.

Then one day Mrs. Olsen, acting very mysterious about the whole thing, asked me to sing for a visitor. He turned out to be the manager of KOIN, a Portland radio station. This audition brought me a chance to sing over the radio, and later a program of my very own.

Practicing wasn't so hard after that. It was exciting because I wanted each program to be better than the last. There was always a goal I was striving to gain, and I've discovered that this is important. When you set a goal for yourself, getting there isn't so difficult, because you hurdle the obstacles instead of skirting them. And somehow or other, every time you do overcome one of these obstacles, it makes the next one seem a little less big and scary. I guess because you keep building up confidence all the time—and just knowing you can get through a program, or anything else you tackle, is half the battle.

The following summer, Mother, Dad, and I

took a three-week vacation in Hollywood. My only interest was seeing the sights I had heard so much about, and getting movie-star autographs. I'll never forget the autograph book I bought especially for the trip. I still have it, as a matter of fact, and getting an autograph is even now one of the thrills of my life.

Two nights after our arrival, we attended the broadcast of a program called "Hollywood Showcase." Janet Gaynor, who was mistress of ceremonies, auditioned six persons of various talents, asking the public to choose its favorite.

That sounded like fun. Urged on by Mother and Daddy, I applied, and was one of the six contestants on the broadcast the following week.

From that point on, my world turned upside down. The next day I was signed to appear with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy! A week later, and almost before I could get my breath, I was given a screen test. My first picture was "Song of the Open Road" with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and then I appeared in "Delightfully Dangerous" with Ralph Bellamy and

Constance Moore, both pictures released by United Artists.

Is it any wonder my thoughts keep turning back to Cinderella?

My new release is "Holiday in Mexico," my first Technicolor picture. In it Walter Pidgeon is my father and Roddy McDowall my boy-friend. Also in the picture are Dona Massey, José Iturbi, and Xavier Cugat. They are all wonderful. And Irene designed the dream wardrobe of all time for me to wear. I'd like to take home every dress and hang it with my own wardrobe—but of course I can't. They all belong to the studio.

Mr. Iturbi was especially sweet to Roddy and me while we were making the picture. He sat at the piano, whenever Roddy and I weren't in school, and played everything we asked for; and believe me, that included everything from boogie-woogie to the classics.

Of course, when we're working Roddy and I don't have too much time—except on Saturday. We go to school on the set, and have exams and homework just as though we attended regular school. Only it is a little tougher. With thirty pupils in a class, a teacher doesn't get around to a student for a recitation much oftener than a few times a week. But with only two of us—well?

Anyway, it's fun. Naturally, with our days filled with school, and work, and singing and dramatic lessons, we must learn our lines at home. But even at that, we find time for a game or two of tennis, or a swim in the pool at Roddy's house. We've gone to several premieres together, too—and there is nothing quite as exciting as the opening night of a picture in Hollywood.

I keep my fingers crossed. I know I've been very lucky. Everyone has had a lot of faith in me, and of course I want to justify that faith. I'm working hard to do it. The days keep whirling by and, although I'm always busy, I love every minute of them.





YOU never looked prettier!
That's because you're wearing your Easter
dress with the wide Angelface neckline.

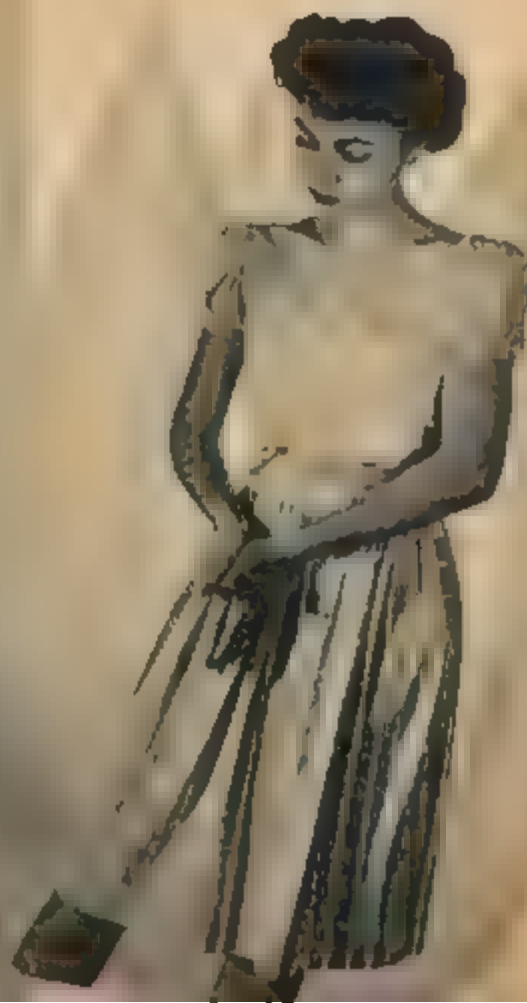
Left—Exclusive CAG Dator by
Universiteen, of rayon jersey print
with slimming black midriff and off-
shoulder Angelface neck. About \$9.

Right—This month's front-cover dress by
Junior First with modified Angelface neck,
of rayon jersey by Yale. About \$9.

At Headquarters Stores listed on page 82,
or send stamped, self-addressed
envelope to the Fashion Department for
where-to-buy information.



ANGELFACE NECKLINES



(Continued from page 36)

(Continued on page 80)



Watch out, Honey—
that sweater may be
a trap!



YOU'RE simply *mad* for sweaters. And why not? No one knits them and wears them in finer style. But, Sugar, you still don't understand how easily they can trick you into trapping underarm odor!

So be a skirt-and-sweater gal—but be a smart one and remember: all year 'round there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without your knowing it and cling to close-fitting wools.

Your bath washes away *past* perspira-

tion, yes—but it can't protect you against underarm odor *to come*. Clever girls count on Mum for that.

Take half a minute with Mum. Clinch your bath-freshness for the day or evening. Keep yourself nice to be near.

Gentle, snowy-white Mum is harmless to skin and fabrics—can be used before or *after* dressing. And creamy Mum won't dry out in the jar. Start today with Mum—and be *sure!*

MUM HELPS TO MAKE A MISS A HIT

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.



YOUR CAREER IN AVIATION

(Continued from page 25)

port Plan. Small private airports and flying schools are springing up everywhere. And the teaching of aviation in schools is on the increase. All of which means that there'll be more and more jobs in aviation.

So where will you fit in? Well, let's see. There's one group of young women very much in demand—those who can qualify as airline hostesses. The more the public takes to the air, the more openings there'll be for girls who want to work at making people happy while traveling.

Within the United States, say the experts, by 1950 six times the present number of hostesses (or approximately 6,000 girls) are going to be needed. Those neat new four-engined 40-60 passenger jobs already in service on the main routes of our transcontinental airlines carry two stewardesses or a steward and a stewardess. The 21-passenger planes have only one hostess, and they're now being assigned to short "feeder" routes.

Transoceanic flights? Yes, those too. The Army and Navy Air Forces have made flying the oceans a commonplace. Today American airlines are making regularly scheduled flights to Alaska, to Latin America, across the Atlantic to Europe and Africa, and across the Pacific to Hawaii and the Far East. It's estimated that as soon as the four major airlines have perfected their plans for world airways, they'll be recruiting a thousand global hostesses.

How about it? Think you can qualify? If you want to be a hostess, you must be a registered nurse or have two years of college and two years' business experience. You must weigh between 100 and 125 pounds and be anywhere from five feet to five feet, six inches tall. If you dream of being a global hostess, you'll probably need, in addition, a speaking knowledge of at least one foreign language, and some experience on a domestic airline.

But there's more to it than that. Are you the kind of girl who likes people, likes to do things

for others? Do you keep out of arguments and know how to say the right thing at the right time? Do you have a fairly easy time coping with time-tables, with schedules, with changes in time? Being a hostess demands a lot more than a love for flying and a trim fit to your uniform.

As for hostesses' salaries, they range from \$125 to \$180 a month plus a \$5 daily expense allowance for time spent away from the base station. Sounds hopeful, doesn't it? Many of you girls still in school today will have your chance to fly the airways as hostesses—especially since the term of service among these very marriageable young women is notably brief!

But let's come down to earth for a moment. As you probably know, well over two-thirds of the personnel of an airline works on the ground. And there will be many jobs for girls here—not so near the planes, but essential just the same. One of the nice things about air travel is the unfailing courtesy with which passengers are treated, not only by the air crew but by the very competent ground crew. Hostesses-on-the-ground welcome passengers, arrange for hotel, train, and plane reservations—and they have to be really smooth! Tact, personality, and beauty are a tradition with the airlines, and that goes for the ticket saleswomen who deal with passengers directly

across the counter, and for the girls who convey charm—and untangle reservations—via the telephone. Girls between twenty-one and thirty are hired for these positions, and they're paid during the six weeks' training period. They learn the company code, air routing, how to read maps, and how to interpret flight information. Their voices are recorded and faults corrected. When they're through training, they're ready to earn from \$140 to \$150 a month.

And how about housekeeping for the airlines, caring for supplies and equipment and passenger plane interiors? Some of these jobs can be quite interesting, and many of them already are being delegated to women.

Then there's this business of airplane manufacture. We're not making nearly so many of the heavier planes now, of course, but half a million small planes for private flying are scheduled to be built within the next few years. Looks as though there'd still be jobs for women in airplane production—making small parts and electrical equipment, assembling and adjusting instruments—all pretty important work.

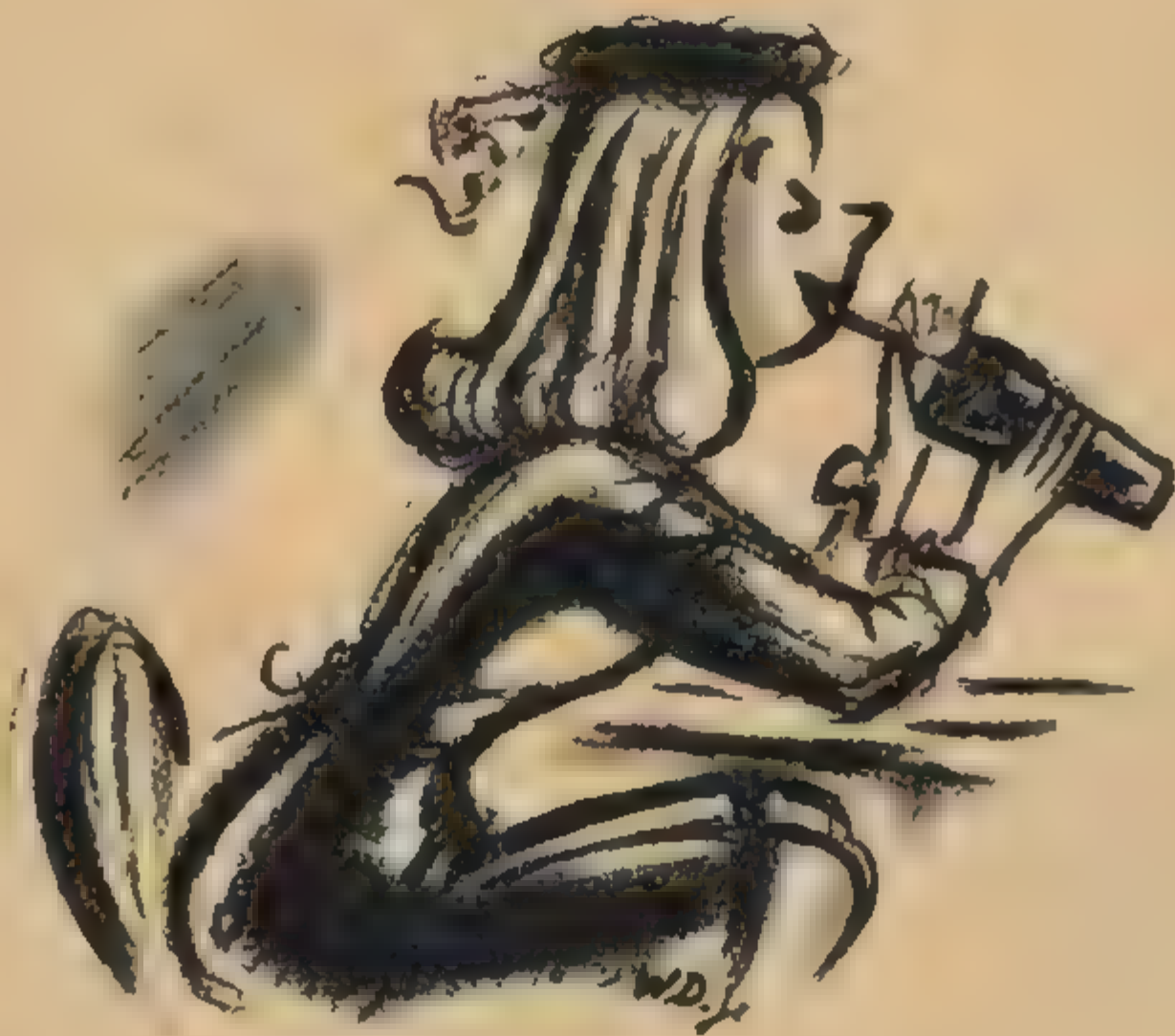
When the big new air program swings into action, there'll be jobs, too, for girls who can qualify as cost analysts, accountants, statisticians, and link trainer operators. And the airlines are going to need

a great number of clerical workers to keep track of air cargoes. Airline officials estimate that by 1950 one million tons of air freight will be carried each year. And someone has to keep track of it!

When the proposed expansion of the Federal Airways Service gets out of the planning stage, there'll be many more openings for girls. If you could take a look at these United States from the air, you'd have some surprises. Under the direction of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Washington, D. C., a system of 36,000 miles of lighted airways (including radio stations for ship-to-ground communications, radio range stations, radio

(Continued on page 52)





SLICK CHICK



*Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.
When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.*

YOUR CAREER IN AVIATION

(Continued from page 50)

marker beacons and beacon lights, teletype networks, and emergency fields) now joins together the principal cities of the country. During the war, women did yeoman service as control tower operators along these airways. Each tower has to have eight full-time operators plus three part-time operators. As the Federal Airways are extended, more girls are going to find themselves at the weather stations along the routes and working as aircraft communicators—which means using radio, telephone, telegraph, teletype, and handlights to direct air traffic.

It's the same with world-wide flying. One of these days airways will be established all over the globe. And that means jobs—some of them for women. Of course many of the women to hold those jobs will be natives of the countries over which the airways pass. But there should be opportunities, too, for American girls who have gone after the training and made good. Bone up on your languages if you're thinking of a job of this kind, because you'll need to be able to speak several.

If the CAA National Airport Plan being considered by Congress is adopted, Uncle Sam will set about building 8,305 airports, of which 850 will be large ones. Those airports will need thousands of radio operators, meteorologists and control tower workers. Girls with specialized training gained in the WACS, WAVES, SPARS, and Marines are ready now for these jobs. But you younger girls who think you'd like this kind of work (it pays from \$135 to \$150 a month) should write to Civil Aeronautics Administration at Washington, D. C., and find out about the six to eight months' training course. You can get such training free in major cities throughout the country, or by paying tuition at a private school.

Then there's the teaching angle to aviation. Already a great many of our larger high schools offer aviation

courses, and some of them are taught by women. The number's going to go up. Within the next five years, aviation may become an important part of the course of study. Several states already are recommending that students have flying time in addition to classroom instruction in ground subjects.

How can you become an aviation teacher? You'll need a year's study of aviation at a state university, in addition to the work you have to complete in order to get a high school teaching certificate. Or you may get your training in a women's college, such as Stephen's College in Columbia, Missouri, or one of the many co-educational colleges which are beginning to offer courses for girls who plan to teach aviation to high school students.

Around small airports all over the country, private flying schools are springing up. If you're willing to "fly by the book" and have natural ability as a teacher, you'd be valuable in teaching primary flying, and you'd find opportunities here. Then, too, a course of flying lessons will probably be in-

cluded in the purchase price of each light plane sold. It's been found that it's good psychology to use girls as instructors and saleswomen. "If a girl can fly a plane, so can I"—that's the way most prospective buyers feel.

One of these days almost every airport will have a chartered plane service to fly business executives, sight-seers, and vacationers to their destinations. There'll be many new uses for light planes in reseeding fields, dusting and fertilizing crops, restocking rivers and lakes with fish, and in surveying farms for soil conservation. Aerial photography of cities, towns, estates, and industries is going to become increasingly popular. Will girls have their chance at these jobs? It's possible for girls to do them, but it's probable that with our many experienced men pilots on hand, girls won't have much opportunity to try for these jobs—unless they're especially well qualified.

So, you girls who are determined to have actual flying jobs had better start early to acquire technical knowledge and roll up those flying hours. You can have a career in aviation without either one, but if it's wings you want, enroll now in Wing Scouts, in Civil Air Patrol (in which both girls and boys can learn to fly without expense except for uniforms), or in your high school pre-flight course, if yours is one of the schools that offer such courses. You can begin taking actual flying lessons at your local airport, providing you've passed your sixteenth birthday, and providing they have instructors.

Whether you aim for wings, or decide you can be equally happy on the ground—just so there's air above it—the requirements for success are much the same. Remember that high school graduation, or better, plus personality, plus the determination to make the airways your future are the signal towers that mark the route to all really good jobs in aviation.



This little calf went to the Great Western Livestock Show and Roden at Los Angeles, to win a prize for Patsy North, 15, of Hollydale, Calif. Patsy raises cattle and kept up the family beef supply in wartime.

CAREER in Television

The Story of
Helen Rhodes

● Television, according to Helen Rhodes, can be compared to no other form of entertainment; for it borrows from the stage, the screen, and the radio and adds a spontaneous quality which gives television programs a special charm.

Helen, program producer at G.E.'s television studio WRGB, has been interested in dramatics since childhood, and she considers television a perfect job for her training and interests. She lives her work, and as she puts it: "I've come to think of everything in terms of television, for television is alive and fun; it gives me a chance to meet interesting people from everywhere and to learn a lot about them and the things they do."



Completing high school in Cobleskill, N. Y., Helen entered the University of Michigan, where she majored in speech, dramatics, and radio. She spent much time acting in and producing radio and theater shows.



After college, Helen did graduate work and held a job at the same time—first with the Michigan Repertory Players, a summer stock show, and then as assistant to her college's director of dramatics.



She then came to WRGB and was given a job as program producer—the only girl then on the program staff. Helen puts on television shows, takes part in productions, and also trains others in this work.



Helen likes to cook and keep house, is interested in architecture and interior decoration—but she'd really rather swim or go to a good football game, the latter being her chief outside interest.

FREE—a "comic" book in 4 colors—"Adventures in Electricity," introducing Johnny Powers and his scientist brother, Ed. Write to Dept. 6-327, General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.



\$1.25

THE PETER PAN—wear it three different ways and multiply your wardrobe. Scientifically designed to give smooth fit by banishing the annoying "ride-up" found in ordinary dickeys. So fashioned, you may wear your jacket casually open without embarrassment. In diagonal acetate rayon. White, copen, maize, tea rose, aqua. Sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

*Trade Mark U. S. Pat. No. 134121

If not available in your city,

write **TOBY**

10 W. 37 ST New York 18, N. Y.



HER phonograph needles are in the groove for some of Spike Jones' whacky new R. C. A. Victor recordings. (That's Spike, himself, below.) Her sewing needles are stitching giddy Walt Disney characters all over her play clothes. It all comes under the heading of April Foolishness for Needle Nudgers.

Simplicity Sue

Sets Her Needles for NONSENSE

Right—Pedal Pushers, a big favorite for summer sportswear, Simplicity Pattern 1322 at 25c. Disney appliqué designs as shown on beach bag and Pedal Pushers, Simplicity Pattern 7125 at 15c.

Below—Spike Jones chats with Paramount player Virginia Welles between scenes of "Ladies' Man," in which Spike's City Slickers murder three numbers. Virginia's jacket, Simplicity Pattern 1300 at 15c. Appliqué, Simplicity Pattern 7127 at 15c.



Obtain Simplicity Patterns from local dealers or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

A new Pigeon puts me on the party line

"Br-r!" goes the phone, and I jump—hoping it's Andy coming back to me after his crush on the new girl in school. She's definitely a sharp pigeon, with pul-lenty of pennies, to judge from her clothes.



Heck! It isn't Andy—it's the dream girl herself, wanting me to come over. So I go—wondering what I'll say if a butler comes to the door!

Then—I find her down on the floor with her mouth full of pins, laying out a skirt pattern! Turns out she isn't rich at all. She just looks that way, after taking Singer's Teen-Age Sewing Course, back in Des Moines.



"There's a Singer Sewing Center everywhere," she tells me. "Why don't you join up for a course? It's fun—and you make a dress while you learn!"



The result?... Oh excuse me, there's the phone. Maybe it's Andy or Buzz. Or Jim. What with my new sewing talent, I'm turning out to be quite a sharp little pigeon myself!

More clothes for you!

Any girl 12 to 17 can take Singer's Teen-Age Sewing Lessons at special rates, on Saturdays or after school. Ask your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company) for details.



You can use Vogue Pattern #547A, Size 12 takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of 36" material.



SEWING CENTERS
EVERYWHERE

SINGER

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

(Continued from page 21)

very important, and he'd have eyes only for Gloria, as he had before . . .

She went slowly down the street toward the day nursery. The rain was slanting and cold, and it would be horrid out at the air-field. She wished she could feel festive; after all, this was the day she'd been thinking about for three years, but there was only a lump in her chest, and her feet felt wet. She looked down and saw, in a sort of numb surprise, that she'd left home without her galoshes.

"Oh, well," she thought bleakly, "what if I do catch cold? It'll just be the perfect end to a perfectly awful day."

The day nursery was filled with clamor. Miss Higgins met her with a brave, if somewhat distracted, smile.

"Thank heaven you've come!" she said. "Miss Travers is down with pneumonia, and Miss Loomis just telephoned that her mother broke her hip . . . There's the phone. I must answer it. Do go in to the children and see if you can . . ." Her voice trailed off as she hurried down the hall and into her office.

Pam threw off her things and took a deep breath. She could hardly think above the racket.

She went over to the piano and banged out a few loud chords. When there was a moment's silence she said, "Let's all play together instead of everybody by himself. My name's Pam, and you must all tell me *your* names."

She looked at the group of faces. Little colored children, half a dozen dark-eyed Italians, tow-heads and brunettes and carrot-tops—all sizes, in denim overalls and brief dresses. Her heart warmed to her task. It might be fun.

Most of them seemed agreeable to her suggestion and began shouting their names at her. But one little boy said sullenly, "I don't want to play with anybody. I want to play by myself."

"All right," said Pam. "But we're going to play in this room. So you'd better go out in the hall."

"I don't want to go in the hall. I want to stay here."

"If you're quiet you may. Suppose you go off in that corner, and we'll be over here."

Pam showed them how to make paper hats. When they each had one, they formed a parade. The little boy in the corner pretended not to care.

After they had worn off a little of their energy, Pam set some of them to painting, others to building with blocks. Peace had descended, when Miss Higgins opened the door and beckoned to her.

"What is it?" Pam asked, crossing the room.

"The kitchen ceiling's leaking," Miss Higgins announced. "Could you man the office while I go and see about pails and things?"

Pam cast an eye behind her. It looked safe. "Why, of course!"

"What a day!" Miss Higgins said, with a quirk to her mouth. "There must be gremlins all over the place!"

Pam looked out of the office window. What a day indeed! The sky was leaden, the bare branches tossed in the wind, the rain beat down in a solid, gray blur against the windows.

She wondered what the others were doing. The luncheon must

have ended long ago; even Gloria must have made her prepared speech/ by now. Pam hated the way she'd been practicing it, with gestures, over and over in front of the mirror. Why couldn't she just get up and say something, simply and sincerely, from her heart? That was what counted. That's all Neil would care for.

She knew a lot about Neil—much more, she thought forlornly, than he would ever know about her. She knew the set of his shoulders that meant, "Let me at it!" (That's what had brought him home a hero.) She knew how casual he could sound, and how kind-hearted he could be. (That time he had barely seemed to listen when Herb told about his mother's illness, and then how he'd gone around and collected groceries for them and bought coal with his own money.) The way he liked to teach you something; how patient he could be. (The hours he had spent perfecting her backhand, and giving up his time with the gang one summer because he thought she didn't breathe right when she swam.)

She wished she could have been there, even hidden entirely by the crowd, when he got off at the station; wished she could have been a fly on the wall of the hotel dining room.

The realization that there was an unholy racket going on penetrated Pam's thoughts. She raced down the hall. The nursery room was bedlam; it looked as if the wind had swept through it. The sandbox was overturned; the contents of the toy chests were scattered over the floor. The children looked flushed, and, suddenly, a little guilty. "He did it!" they cried with one voice. "He did it!" In the center of everything, looking wicked and pleased, was the boy who wouldn't play. "But," admitted one child sheepishly, "we all helped. He made us do it!"

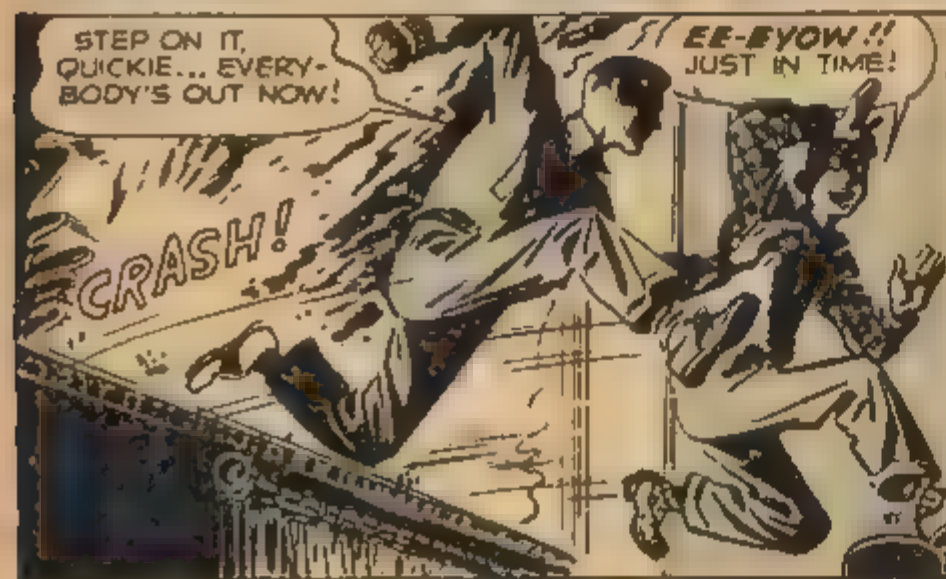
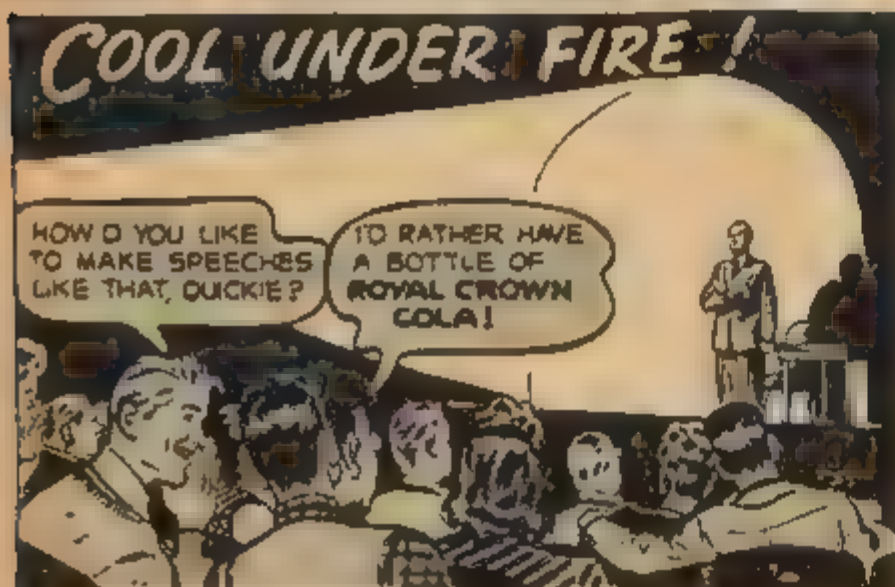
"Well, then," she said, "you can all help clean it up again."

She got them stiff pieces of paper, gave them whisk brooms, set some to



"It's sort of a blind date—I haven't seen Freddie since he got his crew haircut."

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



CALLING ALL GIRLS Club News

CLANG! Clang! Clang! went the trolley (unquote) and the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members at the Golden Rule, Official Headquarters Store in St. Paul, Minnesota, were off to a new kind of party—a streetcar party! That's right—the teen-age department of the store arranged it, and on the big evening everybody set off on a two-and-a-half hour non-stop ride in chartered streetcars.

Ever think how much fun you

could have on a streetcar tour of the town? The team-against-team games that lend themselves to the two rows of seats on a trolley? Given an accordeon player, lots of singing spirit, popcorn, candy, and what-have-you—well, that's the story of the Golden Rule streetcar party in a nutshell!

Sounds terrific, doesn't it? It's just one example of the kind of fun those live-wire Headquarters Stores can think up for their

CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs. And a lot of these stores sponsor the CALLING ALL GIRLS weekly radio program. With fashion editor Nancy Pepper at the mike, you can be right on the beam about teen-age clothes, what styles will make you look your smoothest, what to wear with what, and lots of other tips on getting that top rating.

You'll hear Dick Brown singing the swooniest songs, Jenny Jab-



Above, left—Meet the Advisory Board of Calling All Girls Club at George E. Brett Co., Official Headquarters in Mankato, Minn. Front row, left to right: Patty Hyatt, Shirley Velstad, Jean Schuneman, Chucky Hoagland, Kathryn Silver. Back row: Jacqueline Ulman, Ann Conway, Betty Ziegler, Sally Miller, Syneva Roxin, LaVonne Lynch, Mary Jean Moses, Patricia Oberle. Members have Coke parties on Saturdays in the Teen Shop.

Above, right—Sparkling little Twinkle Watts, famous ice skater, champion bowler, and movie star is pretty proud of her new membership card in the Calling All Girls Club. She joined at the Big Store, CAG Headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Left—Pat Sullivan, on the left, Fashion Board winner at Herpolzheimer Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., got a special thrill on her prize-award trip to New York when she faced the camera with movie star Elizabeth Taylor at Calling All Girls offices. Jane Moody, teen shop buyer who brought Pat to New York, is on right.

berwocky sending her slanguage way over the head of her boyfriend, Tommy Jones, and interviewing glamorous guest stars.

If you're near a store that sponsors the CALLING ALL GIRLS program, you're twice lucky. But in any Official Headquarters Store near you, you can register as a member of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club. (Check the list of stores on page 82 for the one nearest you.) And if you're not near one, write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and give her the name of your favorite fashion center.



Above—Youngest of the Lombardos is Rosemarie, a Royal Canadian since her sixteenth birthday, she told Jenny Jabberwocky on our CAG radio show.

Below—That smooth new tenor, Danny O'Neill, was Alabama's gift to the air waves and Jenny's guest on a *Calling All Girls* broadcast recently. He acts as well as he sings.



"Now I have 3 times as many pretty undies

AT NO EXTRA COST!"



● You can have heaps more undies if you give your lingerie gentle Lux care—never risk strong soap, hot water or rough handling. With Lux care undies stay lovely *3 times as long*, tests prove. So instead of spending money to *replace* frayed and faded things, you can buy *extra* pretty ones—nighties, slips, negligees that make you feel feminine and exquisite. Lux care is the thrifty way to have more lovely lingerie!



**LUX CARE KEEPS UNDIES
LOVELY 3 TIMES AS LONG**

Soap contains vital materials . . . DON'T WASTE IT!

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

(Continued from page 56)

picking up the scattered objects.

Miss Higgins flung open the door. "Good heavens, what happened here?"

"Never mind," Pam said, stooping. "Everything's under control."

Miss Higgins gave a little laugh. "Well," she said, "I'm going to believe you, because I couldn't bear to do otherwise!"

"Look," said Pam to the busy children, "when you're through, I'll make some cocoa and then tell you stories. How about it?"

Pam took the cocoa in, lit a roaring fire in the fireplace, and drew up a semi-circle of little chairs. Darkness was falling; the room was half in shadow. The children shivered pleasurably as Pam, letting herself go, told them about Cinderella, about St. Michael and the dragon, about the pig that danced a jig, about the cat who went to heaven . . .

The empty mugs were forgotten on the floor. The children left their chairs and came to crouch at her feet. Little Conchita laid her head in Pam's lap and fell asleep. And Pam, feeling a dead weight against her right arm,

looked down and saw the little wicked one pressed against her, his eyes starry, his mouth open in wonder. A little angel now, no longer wicked.

Something made her look beyond his head. There was someone in the doorway, leaning against the jamb. She made out the tall frame, the bright crest of hair, the set of the shoulders.

"Neil!" she cried happily.

She struggled to rise, but he said, "Don't move—not for a minute, anyhow. You've no idea how many times I've pictured you just like this—well, maybe with not quite so many children."

"Oh, Neil!" She couldn't help saying it again. Her eyes shone. She saw that he carried her raincoat over his arm and held her galoshes in his hand. "I'm so glad you're back!"

"You sound as if you meant it," he said.

"How long have you been here?"

"Ever since the cat started going to heaven." He grinned. "I think I enjoyed it as much as the kids. Can you go now? I've a lot

that I'd like to say to you."

"In a little while, Neil. As soon as the mothers call for the children. Oh," she cried, "I did want to be there this afternoon!"

"You were there," he answered. "Right with me—every minute."

Something in his voice made her pause. She felt the children tugging at her skirt. "Who is he?" Conchita whispered, rubbing her eyes.

Pam wanted to say, "He's the St. Michael I told you about, he's the Prince in Cinderella." But instead she looked at him, trying to take in what his voice meant. "Me?" she repeated, her eyes rounded. "Me? Why, Neil, I thought . . ."

He came forward, laid the coat around her shoulders. "Sit down," he said, gesturing with the galoshes, "and I'll put these on for you. Sure, you. Why do you think I've been hanging around all these years, if not to keep an eye on you till you grew up? And now . . ." He gave her arm a little hug. "Now you're practically there. I guess I can manage to wait a little while longer."

Dogwood and Dirndls...

Breeze through spring and summer in this new, captivating version of the dirndl! Dogwood-crisp eyelet accents the bowed skirt pockets and the snowy blouse. Available in a variety of multi-colored chintzes, percales, piques, poplins, broadcloths and seersuckers.



in all teen sizes

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE



Welcome, sweet Springtime!
Now charm is my passion—
I'll be smart, sweet and crisp
In my new Joan Lord Fashion!

name it!

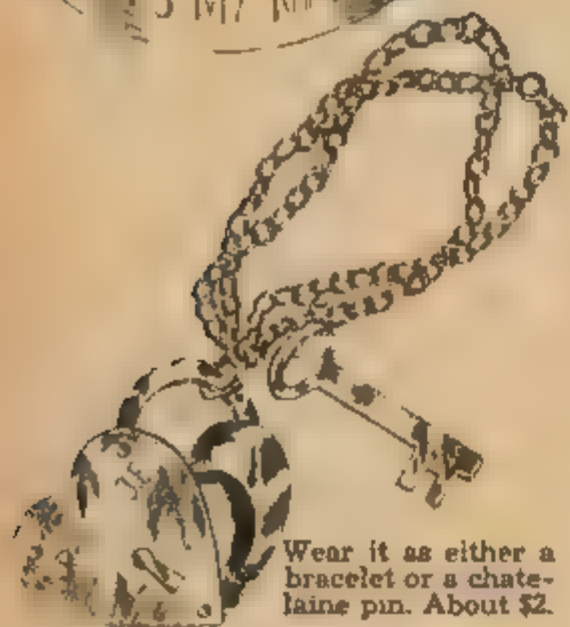
LOOKING for something new in Identification jewelry? You'll find it at Teen Gadgereries of Official Headquarters Stores, page 82.



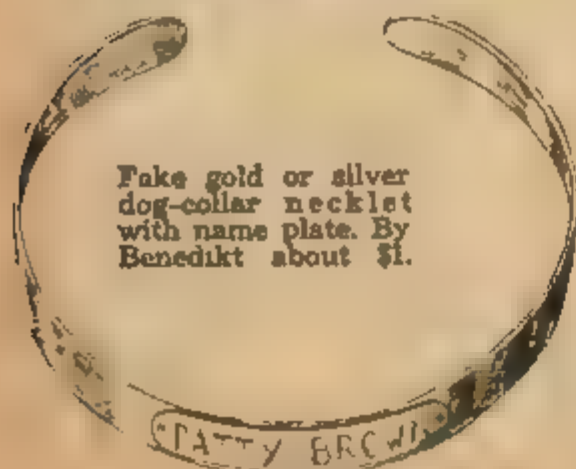
Name and address go on Werthley's lamp-post pin. About \$1.50.



Look on the dog tag for the answer. By Benedikt, about \$1.



Wear it as either a bracelet or a chate-laine pin. About \$2.



Fake gold or silver dog-collar necklet with name plate. By Benedikt about \$1.



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WHEN YOU'RE THE HOSTESS

(Continued from page 37)

themselves. Which automatically means the hostess enjoys herself, too, because how can she miss when she is in the warm glow of a successful party?

When you plan a party, the first consideration is the invitations. There's really no set rule on how they are to be made. It all depends on how formal you wish it to be. From the most formal down it goes, write them, phone them, or ask your guests in person. However you do it, be sure you don't trap your guests into coming. Say first that you're having a party, then ask them to come. When you pull that old, "Are you busy Saturday night?" business, you don't give a person a chance to plead a previous engagement.

Your invitation will include the when and where, of course, but the most important is a clue to "what." If you're planning to play badminton on the lawn, your guests won't have a good time if they arrive in frail party dresses. Tell them what you're planning. "Won't you come over Saturday night, Mary? I thought I'd break

out the ping-pong table and stuff."

The good party starts at the door. When the bell rings, hostess, be on your toes. Even though it announces the last guests, and you're already having a wonderful time with some earlier arrival, skip quickly and don't let it be your kid brother who greets the visitors. That cheerful "How grand to see you," decorated with a true smile of welcome, will give the most doubtful guest the right shove toward a good time. Take the girls to a room where they may leave their coats and comb their hair, and wait to escort them back to the general gathering spot. It makes a guest feel pretty forlorn, and hardly in the mood, when she has to grope her way about unfamiliar premises toward the sound of gaiety. If more guests arrive while you're waiting, excuse yourself for the moment, admit the newcomers, and herd them upstairs, too.

If you have no separate room in which the boys can leave their wraps, at least indicate a spot where they can dump them. It's not usually necessary to wait and

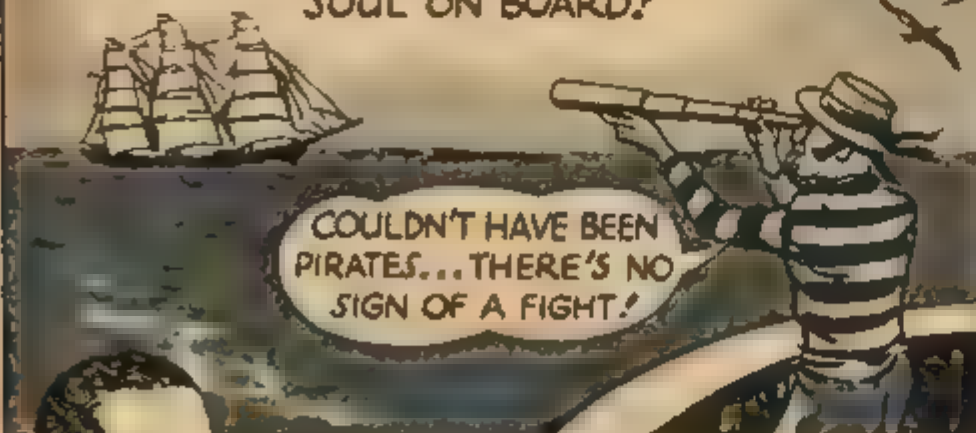
escort them to the party. The males are generally more aggressive than the females about such maneuvers. But keep an eye on them after they've arrived. They may retire to the corner in a huddle and be of practically no use to the party.

Introductions are the first phase in making your guests feel at home. Even at private parties, people are usually shy about starting up a conversation with strangers. When you do introduce, try to give them more than a name as a cue to identity, as, "Mary, this is John Jones. John is here from St. Louis. He's visiting Bob Day." This gives the erstwhile strangers a conversation-starting point.

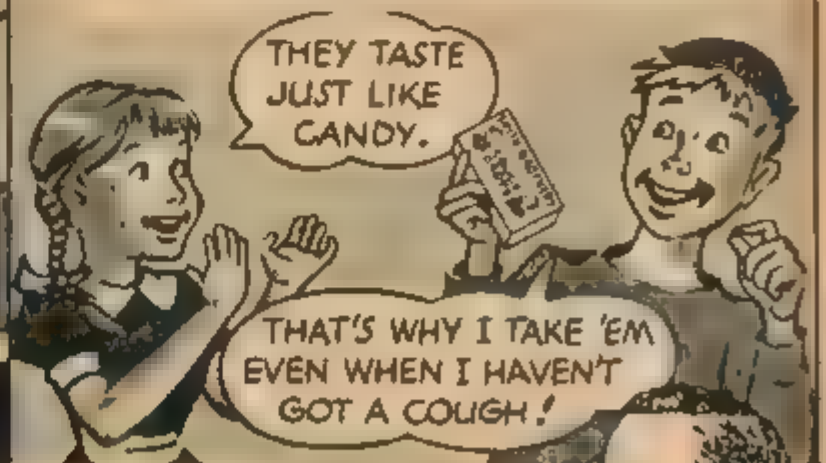
The next step in making your guests feel at home is to give them something to do, anything that will break up the awkward pause at the beginning of a party. If you've planned games, get them going right away, asking some of the guests to help start things out. Or if you'd just planned to dance, put some of the guests to work selecting records or playing

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the piano or even finding a good program on the radio. In any event, if this is a planned party, do have your equipment thoughtfully at hand. No last-minute scurrying for paper and pencils, no frantic "Where is that Crosby album," no sudden discovery that the radio cord has burned out.

Of course, accidents do happen that can't be blamed on neglect. Try to call as little attention to them as possible, be they yours or one of the guests'. If a guest drops one of your mother's best cups, it's not necessary to throw another on the floor to be the perfect hostess, as was the custom back in the days of the lavish kings' courts. These are more practical times. Just clear up the debris as quietly and quickly as possible. Let the offender help if he wants to; it will make him feel better. Or if one of the girls finds herself with a glass of punch spilled down her dress, slip out with her and help her repair the damage as much as possible. Do anything you can to avoid calling undue attention to the mishap because a fuss about it will only throw a damper on everyone's spirits. It's not easy to get a party going a second time.

However, if the radio blows a tube, if all the pencils break, don't dissolve into a gush of apologies. Just tell the gang they'll have to sing if they must have music, and get something with which to sharpen the pencils. If this is a planned party, the guests have a right to expect that you've done your best and no apologies are called for, even if your best doesn't come off quite right.

Sometimes parties go too well. The house quakes and vibrates with noise and more noise. There's no need for you to quake, too, in anticipation of your parents' heated words and the neighbors' icy scorn. You're in charge here. Tell your guests that you think it's best not to cause a riot call. Turn the radio down yourself, if necessary. But do it all with a smile and good-natured kidding.

Usually when one person makes a move to leave, it starts an avalanche. If you really don't want them to go, make one gesture of asking them to stay, but don't urge. It's embarrassing to have to insist upon leaving someone's home. See your guests out as you saw them in. Help them locate their wraps and escort them to the door. Tell them you're glad they came. We're sure they will be glad they came, too.

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HAYMES, SWEET HAYMES

(Continued from page 23)

comedy star, and even after Dick was born (on his father's ranch near Buenos Aires) she traveled all over the world singing in concerts, and Dick went along. He went to school in Switzerland for four years, and Paris was his home for ten—with an occasional dash back to California between concert tours. Somewhere along the way he picked up a lot of the French language, held the Mediterranean swimming championship for two years, learned to sail a schooner, and developed a special fondness for comic strips like "Li'l Abner," "Terry and the Pirates," and "Blondie."

When Dick was sixteen he sang in an amateur production at a New Jersey summer resort, and came away with an offer of a summer singing job from Johnny Johnson, whose dance band was at the hotel. He took it, and when he went back to prep school that fall, he organized a dance orchestra among his classmates. It wasn't bad, either. After he graduated, he tried bit parts in Western movies, band leading, more singing, and song writing. After his success with Harry James, he went on to vocal engagements with Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and to singing roles in several movies. Now he makes records for Decca, has his own radio broadcast, and has signed a seven-year film contract with 20th Century-Fox. Maybe you saw and heard him in "Diamond Horseshoe" and "State Fair"? His next pictures will be "Do You Love Me?" and "Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

Dick's married to Joanne Marshal (Harry James was best man at the wedding) and has a three-year-old son, Richard Ralph, whom Dick calls "Skippy." In spite of his rushed schedule—and what with radio, movies, answering his fan mail, and autographing pictures for his fans (most of whom are girls)—he makes it a point to spend part of each day with Skippy. And if he can sandwich in a little relaxation listening to music (he collects band recordings) he'll probably pick a band like Duke Ellington's, either Jimmy or Tommy Dorsey's, or Harry James'. He likes Gershwin tunes, and Rodgers and Hart—and he likes both Crosby and Sinatra. When he's free to choose a song to sing, it's *Body and Soul*.

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LET 'EM EAT CUPCAKES

(Continued from page 41)

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sifted flour. To accomplish this, you measure $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cake flour. Then you sift it. Then you pile it back lightly into the measuring cup, using a spatula or any other broad, flat blade. Level it by scraping off the excess with the edge of the blade, for you'll have some left over. That's the point. So don't shake the cup or poke the flour down or try to make the rest fit into the measure. It increases in bulk when sifted, and that's why it's important to measure again and correctly for the increase.

Now resift this $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cake flour with 2 teaspoons of baking powder. Then add it to the mixture of egg yolks, sugar, salt, and water, beating till you have a smooth batter. Flavor it with 1 teaspoon of vanilla and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of grated lemon rind. All right, you're ready to bake.

Grease your cupcake pan, and fill each division two-thirds full. Set it into the oven preheated to 350°, and bake for about 15 minutes. Let the cupcakes cool in the pan.

If you're making a loaf or layer cake, it will take longer to bake through—half an hour for the loaf, perhaps a little less for the layers. The test of a done cake is simple and old-fashioned—a straw run into the center should come out absolutely clean. Nowadays there are thin wire cake testers to use instead of straws, but if you haven't one, your grandmother's trick still works. Take a straw from the broom, get it good and clean, run it into the center and see how it comes out. You can tell a lot from the looks, too—the tops should be a delicate brown, the sides should be pulling away from the pan, and the consistency should be springy. Poke lightly with your finger and see if it comes back up.

By the way, preheating the oven means turning it on a good 15 minutes before you want to use it, setting the control for the temperature you want, and letting it reach that temperature before you put the cake in. If you don't have an oven control or a thermometer, it will take a little practice to know when the oven reaches the right heat. You can test it like this: heat your oven for 15 minutes, setting the heat so you think it will give you a moderate oven. Then put a piece of plain white



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tissue paper in the oven, close the door, and leave it for 5 minutes. If the heat is right for this cake, the paper will turn a light golden brown in that length of time. This is a rough test, but it will keep you from going too far out of the way in one direction or the other. You can make the same test by sprinkling a little flour on a pan and setting it, instead of the paper, in the oven.

Now to go back to the flavor. Good as it is, you may want to vary it. There are two places in the recipe where you can change the flavor. One, of course, is the vanilla. Try 1 teaspoon of lemon extract instead, and use the $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of the lemon rind, as you do when you use vanilla—it's nice that way. Or 1 teaspoon of almond extract, in which case it is fun to fold $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of chopped toasted almonds into the batter just before you put it in the oven.

The other place to change is the boiling water. This can be $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of strong, hot coffee, which gives the cake a delicate coffee flavor. (P.S. Leave out the lemon rind.) Or it can be the same amount of hot orange juice, in which case you substitute orange rind for the lemon rind. For something extra, it's nice to top each cake with a snippet of candied orange peel.

But suppose you want them really fancy—iced, decorated, and deluxe. We have a leaflet telling you what to do with those two egg whites you saved when you made your cakes. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for Super Toppers for Cupcakes to Junior Housekeeping Department 27, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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THE MYSTERY AT BLUE VALLEY FARM

(Continued from page 13)

Andy got out a book she was interested in—which practically wasted the window seat. Liss, not in a mood for reading, put her head back and closed her eyes. Gosh, but it was hot! She could feel the perspiration trickling down her neck, and the soft, dark curls about her face seemed plastered to her head.

There was no use trying to dig Andy out of a book when she was keen on a story, as she evidently was now. Liss let her eyes wander across to their redheaded neighbor, and wished he were somebody she knew. Anyway, he was like Andy, miles deep in his silly old magazine.

They were outside the city limits now, and things looked green and cooler, though it didn't feel cool yet. Even the little breeze that the bus stirred up was gritty as it drifted in the window.

Liss must have dropped off into a doze at last, for one moment she had been conscious of hot, blinding sunlight, and when her eyes opened next it was strangely dark outside, and people in the bus were shutting windows against the first heavy, flying drops.

Closing the windows raised the temperature inside the bus to what Liss was sure must be the point of downright suffocation. She sat up, feeling choked.

"Look at it pour!" Andy's unconcerned voice said. "That'll cool us off in time."

"If we're not dead first," Liss grumbled. "Ee-eeouch!"

She pressed both hands hard over her ears as a reverberating thunderclap rolled over their heads and lightning seemed to walk in and out of the bus windows beside them. Secretly Liss was terrified by thunderstorms; but because Andy wasn't, not even much more abject terror than she now felt would have dragged the admission from her.

Across the aisle, the freckled boy laid his magazine down and seemed to be interested in the fireworks going on outside. It was right at the height of the storm that something happened, quite suddenly, to one of the tires, and they had to draw up at the side of the road while the big, competent-looking driver and one of the men passengers got out to change wheels.

The boy across the aisle stood up, took a folded raincoat from



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the luggage rack and slid into it. "Maybe I can help," he offered, addressing either the back of the vanishing driver or the twins in the opposite seat, Liss couldn't be sure which.

"You'll get pretty wet even with a raincoat," she couldn't help saying. For it did seem dumb to think about things like etiquette and not being introduced to somebody, in the middle of a storm like this, with all of them stranded here by the roadside together.

"Guess I won't melt," he told her, with a wide and engaging grin, and disappeared through the front door of the bus.

"I wish we could get out, too, just to stretch our legs," Andy said wistfully, and dropped her book. "I'm all tied up in knots from sitting so long," she grumbled, yawning and flexing her arms.

Liss got up, and strolled up the aisle to the open door. It helped, walking even those few feet after sitting for more than two hours. Rain was pouring in across the driver's seat, and somebody outside in the darkness pushed the door to. Discouraged, Liss went back to her seat and dropped into it with a long sigh.

"If this keeps up all the way to Postbury," she said, "we'll have a swell time finding Mrs. Lindquist's house in the flood."

Andy shrugged resignedly. "Let's ask the driver if he knows where she lives," she suggested. "He might be able to let us out right at her street."

As if her words had summoned him, the bus door opened and the dripping figure of their driver climbed up the step and swung into the seat. He was followed by his two equally drenched volunteer assistants.

The boy was mopping his red head with a limp handkerchief, and he flashed another of his friendly grins at Liss and Andy as he sat down and watched the rivulets cascade from his raincoat.

"Old Niagara Falls in person," he observed, his cheerfulness obviously unimpaired by his general state of moisture.

The twins giggled, and the bus driver flung it into gear, not giving his usual smooth performance.

"Some night!" he announced to the bus at large. "Looks like most of you folks are goin' to get plenty wet, too. I don't see any umbrellas layin' around."

Liss stood up impulsively in the perilously swaying bus. (Surely the man was going much too fast,

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for such slippery roads!) "My sister and I get off at Postbury," she said in her clear, carrying voice. "Do you happen to know where in the village a Mrs. Mary Lindquist lives? It would help if we could get out as near there as possible."

The driver wrinkled his forehead, and slowed their speed perceptibly, which was a definite gain, Liss felt, even though he couldn't answer her question.

"I know where Mrs. Lindquist lives." The redheaded boy spoke up unexpectedly. "Foot of River Lane, on the left—that little street you come to before you hit the beginning of the Commons," he explained for the benefit of the driver, who nodded and said briskly, "I know it now. Got another ten miles or so before we come to it." He smiled at the relieved Liss and turned back to the wheel.

The boy said, with a touch of shyness, "I know Mrs. Lindquist. I'm Rick O'Brien. I've lived in Postbury all my life, so I guess I know where most everyone in town lives. I heard Mom say at supper last week that Mrs. Lindquist was expecting some girls from New York to spend the summer. Are you the ones?"

"We're the ones," Liss grinned. She nodded to her sister. "She's Andy Darrow and I'm Liss. Our real names are too unspeakable to use," she explained. "We had two grandmothers' names wished on us—Melissa and Andrée. The Andrée grandmother was French and the Melissa one was New England. Naturally, we had to do something about it."

"And we're twins," Andy put in, "though some people don't guess it. And now please tell us what Postbury's like. What is there to do in the summer? We've been a little worried over spending two months with an old lady who used to be our mother's nurse when Liss and I were born, and whom we've never seen since. Of course," she giggled, "we weren't at a noticing age, I guess, at our first acquaintance. But Mother's kept in touch with her all these years."

"She has a grandson living with her, hasn't she?" Liss asked with interest.

Mother had always impressed it on Andy and herself that they were not to talk to strangers, but since this nice boy's family were friends of Mrs. Lindquist, that made it all right, of course.

She thought Rick O'Brien hesitated for the fraction of a second.

Certainly his freckled, frank young face had a new soberness as he nodded.

"Yeah—Johnnie Lindquist. I went to school with him. He—doesn't live with the old lady any more."

He set his lips in a thin line and his brows drew together.

"Oh-h-h," Liss said, on a sharp little sigh of disappointment. "Then it's going to be kind of—well, you know—with nobody young in the house but us."

Rick began, impulsively, "You see, Liss, it's all a rotten mess. I..." He evidently thought better of the impulse then, for he broke off with the words half said. Almost rudely, he swung around and stared at the blank, streaming window.

Liss leaned toward him, across the aisle, flushing a little. "If—if it's anything Andy and I ought to know before we get there, Rick, so we won't put our feet plumb in the middle of something awkward," she urged, "won't—won't you tell us? We'd never breathe a word of it, of course."

The boy obviously hesitated. He started to speak, stopped, and drew a long breath. "Oh—well, I suppose perhaps I'd better," he said slowly. "Then you won't be making any breaks." He lowered his voice so it carried only to the opposite seat. "Everybody in town thought Johnnie Lindquist was just about—right. The fellows all liked him in school. He was crazy about animals—horses especially, and that made a hit with my dad. My father's a veterinarian," he explained proudly. "Best in the whole state of Connecticut, if I do say it. He's the one Mr. Otis, up at Blue Valley Farm, always calls in for his string of race horses. Well, he used to say Johnnie was the type to make a wonderful veterinarian someday. He—it hit him pretty hard—Dad, I mean—when this thing happened."

He stopped once more, and his scowl deepened. Apparently it was not an easy story to tell.

"Last summer Johnnie got a job up at the farm, helping out with the horses. He was swell at it, too. And then—something pretty bad happened."

The twins said, "What?" in the same hushed tone.

"Mr. Otis had one horse—a big coal-black beauty named Blue Boy," Rick went on with a queer reluctance. "He was a streak of greased lightning on the track. The trophy room up at the farm's full of the ribbons and cups he's

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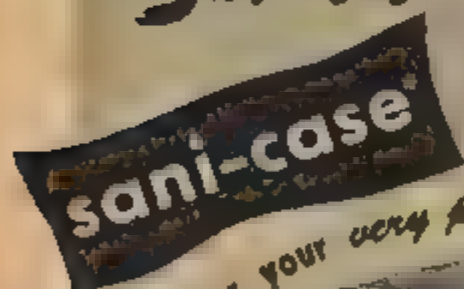
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won. Maybe you know his name, from the papers?"

Both Liss and Andy shook their heads regretfully, and Rick looked disappointed. The horse was evidently a matter of civic pride in Postbury.

"Oh, well, I don't suppose girls read the racing news," he conceded. "Anyhow, he was entered for a big race in New York last fall. The betting was awfully heavy, with big odds on Blue Boy. And just before they left for the track, somebody poisoned him."

"Poisoned!" Liss gasped, and Andy's gray eyes rounded like very bright moons.

"My father believes it was an attempt to dope Blue Boy—not actually kill him," Rick explained. "Dad thinks whoever gave him the stuff didn't know how big a dose would be fatal. That he got scared and just gave him too much."

"A—a boy?" Liss asked, shocked. "Not—not Johnnie Lindquist who was crazy about horses? You said he was, yourself."

"He ran away afterward," Rick said sadly. "And Mr. Otis sent a detective to search Mrs. Lindquist's house, and—and he found a wad of bills under a board in Johnnie's closet. It nearly finished his grandmother. She just about lived for Johnnie, Mom says. Mr. Otis vowed he'd send him to the penitentiary if they ever catch him. And he would, at that. He's a hard nut, Henry Otis is. He's the big shot in the county, of course, and all that, but people don't like him too much. There was a lot of feeling over this business. Anyhow, that's—that. You won't be seeing old Johnnie in Postbury this summer, I'm afraid."

"Do you believe he did it?" Liss demanded, her eyes questioning Rick's troubled blue ones.

He asked, miserably, "Then—why did he run away, Liss?"

The big bus stopped with a sickening slither of the rear wheels.

"Down that lane about two hundred yards," the driver said. "You'll have to swim." He swung the door open, and the darkness outside was curtained by a solid sheet of falling water that seemed to have no affinity with ordinary rain.

Rick O'Brien stood up in the aisle and reached for the twins' suitcases. "I'll go along and see that you get there," he announced. "Mrs. Lindquist will let me wait till the storm's over."

There was no time to protest,

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even if either Liss or Andy had thought of doing so. They followed him into the deluge and the dark, gasping as the first force of rain and buffeting wind struck them.

There were no street lights in this outskirts of Postbury. There was no sidewalk either, and they kept to the middle of the narrow lane, avoiding more by instinct than sight the deeper rivers rushing downhill in the gutters.

When it seemed to Liss, who was at the tail end of the small procession, that she had been wading for hours, she made out the darker blur that was Rick and the two suitcases swerving to the left. Just ahead of her, Andy followed him, and Liss, head lowered and water running down her neck, struggled after them.

There was a gate Rick held open to let them through, then what felt like a brick path, then three shallow steps, and they were in the comparative shelter of a porch with the house wall to windward.

"No lights—don't you suppose she's expecting us?" Andy asked in a startled voice.

Rick had found the bell, and kept his finger on it while they strained their ears for the sound of its answering clangor. When neither ring nor footsteps resulted inside, Liss put her hand, experimentally, on the doorknob.

"It's unlocked!" she exclaimed, and instinctively pushed. The heavy door swung inward, and the interior of the house was as black as the exterior, though fortunately drier.

"She had to go out and left the door unlocked for you," Rick said matter-of-factly. "Anyhow, folks don't lock up much in Postbury, except night-time. And probably the bell's out of order." He stepped into the hall. "Wait, I'll find the light switch."

Shivering, Liss and Andy moved after him, and stood very close together while their companion fumbled along the dark wall beside them.

"Shut the door—rain's coming in," Rick grumbled. "Where on earth is that darned button?"

An unusually vivid flash of lightning lit the hall they stood in, just as Rick found the elusive switch. And then Andy gasped.

On the outside of the open door, which Liss was just reaching to push shut, a white placard was tacked under an old-fashioned iron knocker. Eleven neatly printed red letters on it spelled the startling word: QUARANTINED.

(To be continued)

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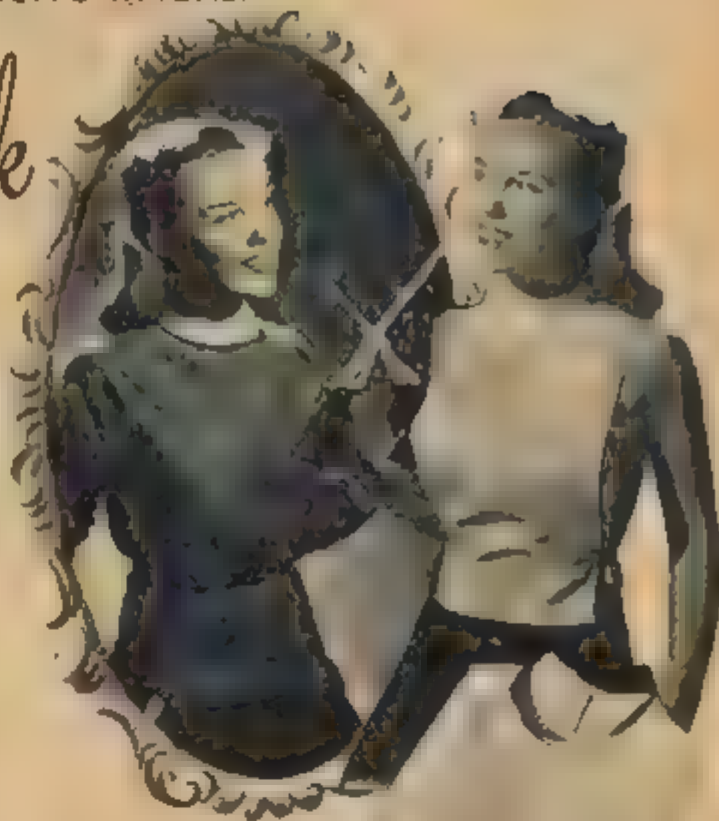
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THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

(Continued from page 28)

Tryouts went quickly and smoothly. Wally's stentorian tones won him the part of Romeo. Holly developed a surprisingly pithy tongue to ride with ease into the role of Juliet's nurse. And Stella was the obvious choice for Juliet. Even Nan became enthusiastic about "The Balcony," as they now referred to the play.

"Stella will carry the show," Wally said, as he, Nan, and Chip were walking home after a rehearsal.

"She's very good," Nan conceded.

"That's why she's president of the Dramatic Club," Chip said.

"What am I so good at that makes me president of the Student Council? Good student?"

Nan ducked, laughing, up the walk toward her house as Wally took a swing at her. But she stopped suddenly and pointed at the envelope in his hand.

"Uh, oh—the order."

"Order, order," Wally parroted.

"In your hand, my dear, dopey brother. The order for the costumes. We must have passed umpteenth mailboxes, too."

"Here, I'll mail it." Chip grabbed the envelope. "Good night, Romeo," he sang out gaily as he raced down the street.

Wally glared after him. "Something tells me I'm going to rue this day," he said as he followed Nan into their house.

During the first three weeks of rehearsals, the cast hardly took their noses out of their Shakespeares. Nan haunted the manual training room, wheedling and begging for bigger and better efforts on the scenery flats. She was supervising the painting of a flat one afternoon as Miss Ames stopped by.

"How's it going?" the teacher asked.

"Fine," Nan answered, "but I wish we'd hear from the costume people."

"Oh, the costumes will be here," Miss Ames smiled reassuringly. "Costumers are notoriously slow about filling orders, but they don't let you down."

The first catastrophe struck the next week. Miss Ames became very ill with the flu, and the substitute English teacher took over the coaching. And still there were no costumes. Everybody was impatient about it, but Stella was most jittery of all.

"What if mine doesn't fit, Nan?"

she complained one afternoon as they were packing up to go home. "What if it's some horrible color?"

"Relax, Stella. Miss Ames said they'd show up. And the colors we're using in the sets will go with anything."

Stella fingered her book nervously. "But couldn't we call them and see if we can't hurry them along?"

"We could do that. What's their name?"

"Don't you know?"

"Miss Ames wrote out the order. I didn't even look at it."

"What a mess!" Stella slumped down on the edge of the stage. "I don't suppose we could call her."

Nan shook her head. "She's pretty sick. I don't think we should bother her. We'll just have to wait."

By the end of the week, not only Stella but the whole cast had run out of patience. Miss Ames was still under a no-call ban. Worry-worry was the mood as they all gathered in the Soda Sink for a post-rehearsal soda.

Suddenly Wally looked up. "Say, Chip mailed that letter. Do you suppose he looked at the envelope? He may remember the name. Where is he, anyway?"

"He went to change," Bob answered. "He's through work. Here he comes now."

"Chip, did you happen to notice the name of the company when you mailed the order for the costumes?" Nan asked as he came up to the table.

Chip's mouth opened slowly. His hand groped toward his jacket pocket and his face flushed beet-red. Nan gave him a stricken look and wailed, "Chip, you didn't! Oh, I should have known you'd forget to mail it!"

Chip handed over the grimy envelope as if it were burning his fingers. "Oh, woe is me," he moaned.

"Why, you—you jerk," Bob spluttered. "Here we've been stewing and waiting for the costumes all these weeks and not knowing how to find out about them, and you've been prancing around with the letter in your pocket all the time. A big help you are."

Chip shrank down in his collar. "Give it to me and I'll mail it now."

"No good," said Nan. "It's Friday night and they probably wouldn't get it before we need our costumes. You'll just have to go

into town tomorrow and pick them up."

"Me? Tomorrow? Saturday?" Chip wailed.

"Yes, you. It's the least you can do for this play."

Chip shrugged defeatedly. "O.K.," he started off. "But you know you kids could have looked in the phone book for their name. I'll bet there aren't too doggone many costumers." He slammed the door after himself cockily.

Nan and Stella looked at each other guiltily.

"Smart, aren't we?" Wally said, and they all laughed embarrassedly.

Chip wasn't so cocky as he walked into the costumer's the next morning. On the train into the city he began to worry about being able to get the costumes, but he kept telling himself everything would be all right. But just as he feared, he found he couldn't get them. The proprietor of the costume shop said they had only one set of "Romeo and Juliet" costumes and another school had already rented it.

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love—and Romeo and Juliet," the man said cheerfully.

Chip wasn't amused. "But you must have some," he cried. "It's a matter of life and death. My life. They'll murder me."

"Who'll murder you?"

Chip poured out his story in a long wall of self-pity, ending by handing the list of sizes to the proprietor. The man studied them for a minute.

"I can rig up only one set of costumes in the whole house that would fit your cast anyway," he said. "Most of our stuff is designed for adults."

"Well, I guess I'd better take that set."

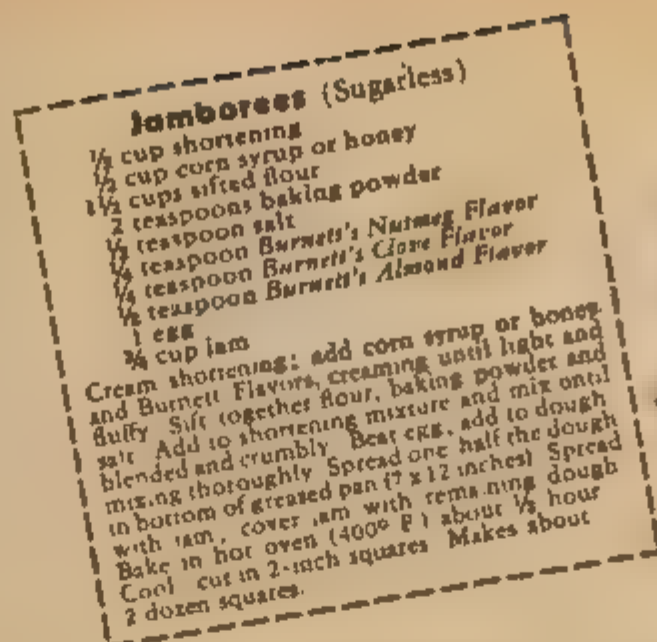
"They wouldn't be very appropriate."

Chip already had his wallet out. "Give them to me anyway. I can't go back empty-handed. Jeepers, I'd never dare face them."

Chip struggled into the auditorium loaded with boxes and followed by two men from the costumer's burdened like members of a safari. He shuddered as he saw the cast swooping down on him in joyous anticipation. He tried to fix a brave smile on his face.

"Where's my sword, sir? I must get the feel of my sword," Bob called.

"Is the Juliet costume pretty, Chip?" Stella asked eagerly. "What color is it?"



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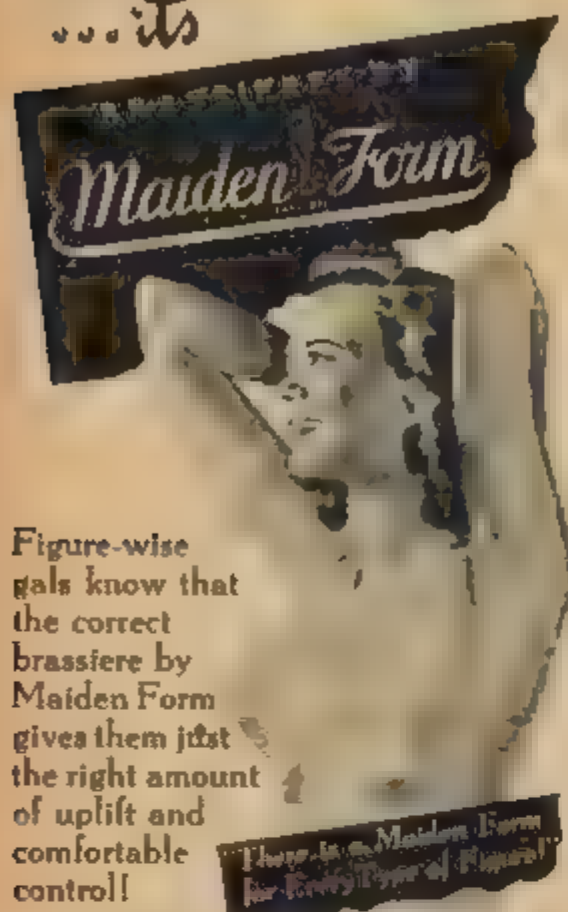
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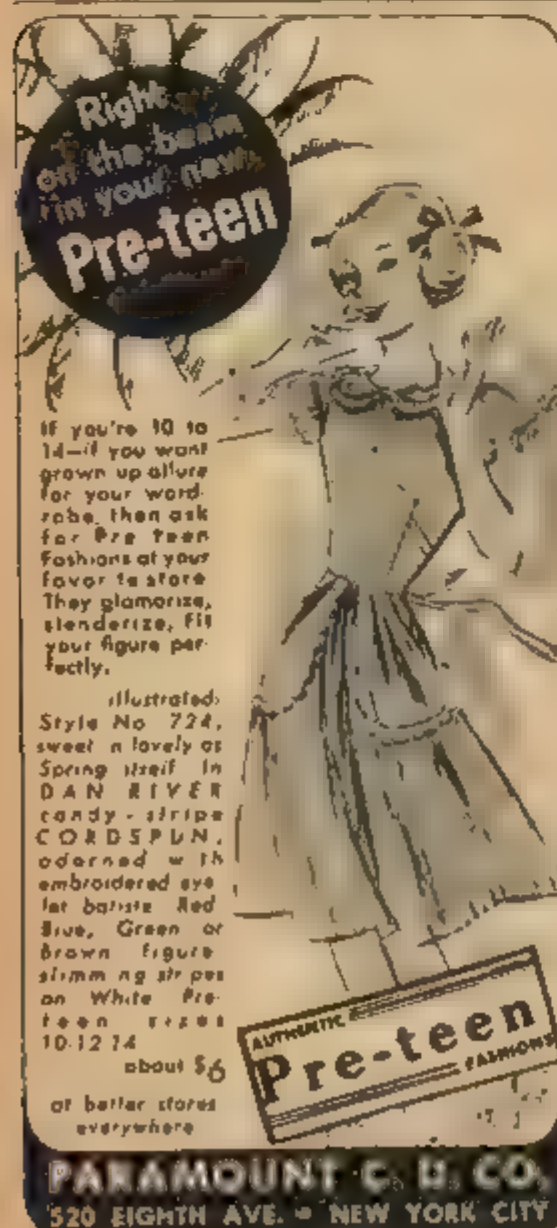


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"It's pink," Chip answered quietly.

"Oh, good," Stella beamed.

"But, well—you might as well know right off. It's a kimono."

"A kimono!"

"You see," Chip fumbled, not knowing where to look, "all I could get were costumes from 'The Mikado.' A very good operetta," he ended weakly.

Everybody stared at Chip in dumb horror.

"What the heck is 'The Mikado?'" Wally asked grumpily. "Never heard of it."

"Are you kidding?" Nan turned on her brother. "It's the Glee Club's special."

"You just don't get around." Chip concentrated on Wally, not daring to look at the others. "It's the story of a Rising Sun gal named Yum-Yum who is engaged to an old boy named Ko-Ko for whom she can dig up no heart-beat. Along comes one Nanki-Poo who is really the son of the Mikado in disguise and he and Yum-Yum want to call it a duet. They think they must hanker in vain, but it turns out that Ko-Ko, the guy who throws the switch in this part of Japan, has to get on the job and eliminate somebody or be axed himself, but literally. So he decides he will knock off Nanki-Poo, which is all right with Nanki-Poo because he is dying of love anyway. Then they get all bawled up and straightened out again somehow so that Nanki-Poo marries Yum-Yum and Ko-Ko marries some year-worn gal from the Mikado's court and everybody lives happily ever after. See?"

"In a way," Wally said doubtfully. "Where'd you learn all this stuff?"

"Oh, I had a short lesson in Gilbert and Sullivan at the costumer's."

"Did the costumer also teach you how we were to use these Japanese costumes in 'Romeo and Juliet?'" Stella demanded.

"I guess that comes in the next lesson." Chip sank down dejectedly. "Well, jeepers, I thought something was better than nothing. We could hem them up or something if they don't fit."

"Sure, that would be just peachy, I mean yum-yum," Wally grumbled.

Everybody sat staring at the floor, except Nan, who was glaring at Chip. Chip squirmed uncomfortably and opened his mouth a couple of times to say something, but finally gave it up and sat

miserably twisting the string on one of the packages.

Finally Holly looked up. "It might be kind of funny if we wore these costumes and gave 'Romeo and Juliet' anyway," she offered meekly.

"Sure, sure. The Japanese are so popular, that would be a great hit," Bob answered sarcastically.

"It might be, at that." Nan jumped up. "Holly, I think you have something there. If you kids could stick a few 'honorable' into your lines and if we could do it all with straight faces..."

"And slanted eyes," Bob chuckled.

"And maybe get the Glee Club to stick in a few of the songs they've been rehearsing from 'The Mikado,' like 'For He's Going to Marry Yum-Yum' when Romeo and Juliet plan to elope and then 'My Object All Sublime' is to make the punishment fit the crime when Romeo gets in his mix-up."

"Holly, you said something." Stella hugged her happily.

As the cast rattled on enthusiastically about other switches they could make, Chip and Holly raised their eyebrows at each other and shrugged in amazement. Then Chip blew Holly a kiss and crept, quietly, unnoticed, out of the auditorium.

The night of the performance, the enthusiasm ebbed a bit. They kept reassuring each other that it was just normal stage fright. Nan had her doubts. She wished fervently that Miss Ames had been in on all this. They'd sort of overwhelmed the substitute coach and carried her along in their early enthusiasm, but now even she looked a little pale, Nan noticed. She peeked out at the audience, which was so many stern, white faces turned up at her, and wondered how they would react to the Yorktown Younger Set's taking such liberties with the great bard. She went backstage and checked her properties nervously for the tenth time.

The first few scenes were played to a quiet house. The silence was broken only by an occasional titter from the audience.

"We've got them confused," Chip whispered to Nan. "Let's hope they're amused. Hey! I'm a poet yet!"

"Shh." Nan pushed him aside. "Listen."

Stella was giving her dramatic all to the end of the balcony scene. "Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow," she leaned down and sighed, "that I

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shall say good night till it be
morrow."

The final lines of the scene were
drowned by a blast from the
chorus hidden behind the wings.

"Here's a how-de-do! Here's a
how-de-do!" they sang.

On the stage Wally joined them.
"Here's a pretty mess! In a month
or less, I must die without a wed-
ding! Let the bitter tears I'm
shedding witness my distress." He
bowed to Stella.

Stella bowed back and sang,
"Here's a how-de-do! If I marry
you when your time has come to
perish, then the maiden whom you
cherish must be slaughtered, too!"

They both bowed out as the
chorus finished the song.

There was an uproar from the
audience that made Nan jump over
and grab Wally's arm as he came
out in the wings.

"Wally, Wally, what are they
doing?"

"They're howling, Nan! Good
old Gilbert and Sullivan stopped
the show. They're rolling in the
aisles." Wally grabbed her hands
and started dancing around her.
"They're rolling in the aisles," he
chanted.

"I bet Shakespeare is rolling
in his grave," Nan answered, but
she was grinning happily.

By the time the chorus gave a
background of 'Tit-Willow to the
death scene, most of the audience
was weeping with laughter. Nan
said she hoped they'd live through
the show. Bob was mumbling
things about Broadway was never
like this but should be.

When Nan went on the stage
after the final curtain to say that
she hoped they'd all enjoyed the
performance, she could only say
that much before the audience
drowned her out with laughter
and applause. They did pause long
enough to hear her say that she
also hoped they felt happy enough
about the whole thing to contrib-
ute to the welfare of the sports
department.

A beaming Chip, who was offi-
cial collector at the exit, was
overwhelmed by the deluge of
bills. His beam was ecstatic when
he heard old Mr. Jackson say, "I
didn't know these irresponsible
young scatterbrains had enough
sense of humor."

It was only later, after they had
counted their take, that Chip was
brought down to earth—a little.

"That was a great idea of
mine," Chip said.

Holly glared at him.

"What I really mean is—it was
a great idea," he corrected.



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WORK-CAMP SUMMERS ARE FUN

(Continued from page 31)

grow bored before vacation with the family is over and you long to get back to school and work and friends. And if you've been going to a summer camp, maybe you'd like a change from swimming races and dramatics, exciting as they can be. You look about vaguely for something real to get your teeth into.

That's where a summer work camp comes in. At the right kind of camp, you can have the satisfaction of doing a useful job with a bunch of kids your own age, in a community that needs your hands, while at the same time you're making new friends, learning new skills, and having plenty of fun.

What is a work camp? Well, there are all sorts and kinds, and you and your parents or teachers will want to investigate them carefully before you sign up, just as the good camps will want to investigate you, particularly to get a doctor's certificate to the effect that it's all right for you to work hard.

But in any event, the kind of work camp you'll want to attend is organized by some group of public-spirited men and women who believe in giving young people a chance to pull their weight in grown-up work, to share a give-and-take summer with other young workers, and to get acquainted with other kinds of Americans in other environments.

Some are farm camps, in communities where labor is still scarce and farmers need help. Here you would live in simple barracks, and go out each morning in trucks to neighboring farms to weed or hoe or pick beans or pitch hay. You would be paid per hour by the farmers. Naturally, your camp director already will have made contacts with the farmers and will keep an eye on your working conditions as well as your pay. In some of these farm camps, especially the larger ones, you may earn your keep for the summer and cash besides, depending upon the weather, the crops, your own skill, and local rates. In the smaller camps, where overhead expenses are higher per person and there are more counselors to each camper (which is an advantage) your parents will contribute something toward expenses.

Where a summer group undertakes to work in an underprivileged community—in a day nursery for children, for example,

or helping on a building or road project—the cost is almost as much as at a regular summer camp. But the experience is wonderful for a young person whose life has been rather easy. Some of the most enthusiastic reports come from these groups. Here's what one boy said, who had helped to keep a free summer camp running in good order for the children of coal miners:

"My friends gasped when I told them. 'You mean to say you're going to pay this so-called camp for the right to work for them all summer? Brother, you've been out in the sun too long!'

"Looking back now, I can't think of anything for which I would trade my two summers in a work camp. It's an experience nobody should miss."

Your camp will, of course, have a director and counselor, like any camp. Everybody works at some central project—either farm jobs, or taking care of young children, or perhaps helping to rebuild an old farmhouse. These more stimulating jobs are spelled off with taking turns at the duller duties of K.P., under the direction of the full-time cook who's in charge of the kitchen.

Many of you will be acquiring new skills—girls who have never even washed their own stockings often turn out, by the end of the summer, a creditable set of washed and ironed clothes. Learning to handle tools and to use your hands in new ways is one of the big gains of such a summer. Many a girl finds out that she can swing a pitchfork or drive a nail as well as any boy.

And of course there are meetings to discuss camp problems together; there are interesting talks; there are trips to near-by points; and there are many afternoons and evenings of fun—swimming, dancing, movies, sometimes with just the camp bunch, sometimes with the campers and young people from the neighborhood.

A good work camp always tries to get the campers, who come mostly from towns and cities, into closer touch with the community. This is not always easy. The farmers are skeptical about "lazy city kids"; the country girls and boys are afraid of being snooted, and so do the snooting first; the poor are often very suspicious of anybody trying to "help" them. But when the combination does begin to

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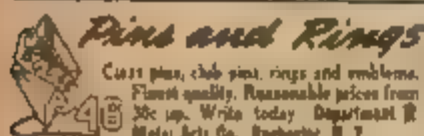
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work, everybody gains from it.

"I never used to think there was anything worth looking at here," said a country girl to her new city friend at the end of the summer. "Then I heard you talking about the beautiful sunset from the top of the hill. And I looked and saw for the first time that it was beautiful. You helped us really see what we had been looking at all our lives."

As for the campers, let one of them tell you in her own words what she got out of her summer:

"High on a ladder, dip your brush into the creamy paint. Now an even stroke, steady, so that the color blends invisibly into the last stroke. That's better you're learning."

"Kneel on the earth; pull up the weeds that are choking the young plants. Rows of fluted green stretch far ahead; the sun pours its warmth over you."

"Hurry—you're on the last lap. Eighty quarts of potatoes peeled and ready for Anna the cook. Here she comes, grinning, with some luscious peaches in her hand. 'How you kids can gab! Solving all the problems of the universe, are you, instead of peeling potatoes!'"

"Up at the crack of dawn. It's your turn in the barn. The freshness of a new day, the smells and sounds of early morning, the chores. Scrape, shovel, scrape. A bit squeamish at first, weren't you, you city slicker? Now it's all in the day's work. You're learning to take it."

"Measure, saw, measure. This screen fits perfectly. You've helped to model a house. The porch no longer sags; the plaster is new and clean; the broken panes have been replaced. A family from a city tenement has already moved in. You and your companions made this possible. Your work has counted. Why shouldn't you feel elated?"

For more information about summer work camps, write to:
American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Parents' League, 25 East 78th Street, New York, N. Y.

Emergency Farm Labor Supervisor, U. S. Agriculture Extension Service—Ithaca, N. Y.; Storrs, Conn.; Burlington, Vt.; Trenton, N. J.; State College, Pa.

Unitarian Workcamps, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

Associated Junior Work Camps, 442 West 238th Street, New York 63, N. Y.

WORD PICTURE of Y-O-U

CALLING ALL GIRLS is truly your own magazine, published just to please you and girls like you. We can keep it that way only by knowing a lot about our readers. That's why, every once in a while, we ask you to answer some questions about yourself. It helps us put into **CALLING ALL GIRLS** the features that will interest you most. So how about giving with the answers to these personal questions? Even if you have written us or sent in other questionnaires, please fill in and return this one, too, because *tempus fugit* and we want to know you as you are today. If you need more space for some answers, attach an extra sheet of paper and Tell All. Please mail your replies to me as soon as you can, and many thanks from all the Editors.

Beth Kennedy
CALLING ALL GIRLS
52 Vanderbilt Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

AGE

GRADE IN SCHOOL

Which do you go to?

☐ Public School

☐ Private School

What's your favorite recreation?

If you have a hobby, what is it?

Do you get a regular allowance?

☐ Yes (How much a week? \$)

☐ No

Do you earn spending money?

☐ Yes (about how much a week? \$)

☐ No

What are you supposed to buy out of your allowance?

Do you have dates? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If yes, what do you and your Van usually do on a date?

(Continued on reverse side)

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What do you expect to do after you finish school or college?

Do you like to read articles about careers for girls? ☐ Yes ☐ No

What career would you like to have written up in CALLING ALL GIRLS?

Do you expect to go to camp this summer?

☐ Yes ☐ No

Would you like more features in CALLING ALL GIRLS about movies? ☐ Yes ☐ No

What kind?

Would you like the magazine better if it contained some comics? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Who's your leading swoonsation these days?

Movies

Orchestra

Radio

Have you a phonograph? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Do you buy records? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If yes, Single records? ☐ Albums? ☐

Which of these items do you expect to buy or to receive as gifts during the next year? (If a gift, write in the Holiday or Event for which you think each may be given to you.)

☐ Bicycle

☐ Cologne or Toilet Water

☐ Desk

☐ Fountain Pen

☐ Ice Skates

☐ Perfume

☐ Phonograph

☐ Powder Compact

☐ Radio

☐ Roller Skates

☐ Skis

☐ Tennis Racket

☐ Typewriter

What are your three favorite magazines?

(List in order of preference, please.)

1.

2.

3.

80

MANHATTAN MYSTERY

(Continued from page 48)

stairs and the room was full of policemen.

"Well, that's that," Officer O'Reilly said a little later. "These are the plates all right." He was rewrapping the package that had started all the trouble. "Though we'd have lost them at the last minute, if these kids hadn't noticed that Heath and Granny Mac here were about to shout out a warning to Carter. Nice work, kids." He beamed at them. "Let's see. You've got a train to catch, haven't you?"

"I guess it's too late now," Jenny said in a small voice. The excitement was all over, and the figure of Aunt Dora loomed frighteningly large again.

"It leaves Grand Central Station at 7:30?"

She nodded.

"Mmm." Officer O'Reilly looked at his watch. "And it's 7:23 now." He swung around. "How about it, Wilkins? Could you get them on that train when it passes through the 125th Street Station?"

"I could try."

"Good. Try hard."

And then Jenny and Bob and Jake were shaking hands with Officer O'Reilly and rushing out of the room and down the stairs.

"Thanks for everything, Jake," Jenny said on the sidewalk. "I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"Think nothing of it," Jake winked. "O'Reilly's my friend for life now. Why, he'd probably even let me make a left turn off of 42nd Street." And he hustled them into the police car where Wilkins was already waiting. "So long, kids. New York's a great place to visit, isn't it?"

The siren ripped the dusk into shreds as the police car tore across town.

"Gee!" Bob murmured. "I always did want to ride behind a siren." And a few minutes later, after they had waved to Wilkins from the platform of their train, he added, "And I always dreamed of having an exciting adventure in New York. Didn't you?"

Jenny nodded soberly. And then she grinned. "But I certainly never thought I'd really have one. Remember me? I'm the girl who was going to sit quietly in Grand Central Station for five hours."

They were both still laughing when they settled down in their seats, side by side.

THE END

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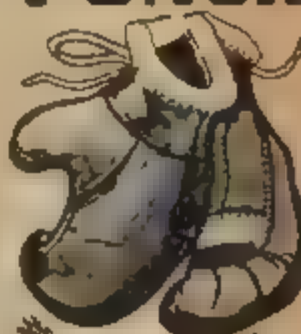
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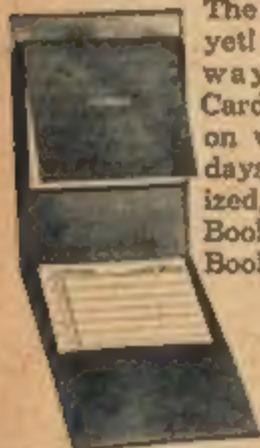
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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 22)

possible. It is natural that she should wish to invite her friends and that she should want them to enjoy coming to her home.

It is comforting to remember that real friends like us for ourselves. Helen will surely not overlook the importance of the spirit of her welcome—and of her home itself.

She should realize that "apologies" are not needed if things aren't a hundred per cent perfect. However, a bit of planning and sprucing things up before guests are expected, together with some cooperation on everyone's part to make everyone else's guests welcome and comfortable, can be very effective. Cleanliness does come first. And there is no reason for having a "higgledy-piggledy" house either! It should not take too great an effort for young people to share the responsibilities for picking things up and putting them where they belong—at least most of the time. We do have to remember that it is easier for some people than for others to be "orderly." Some really enjoy having everything in order. Others do not seem to mind in the least having things lying around in a state of confusion or disorder!

A home isn't necessarily bounded by the four walls of a house. Hospitality and good cheer can extend to a porch, a yard, a picnic outdoors.

The housing shortage will probably become even more acute when our armed forces are fully demobilized. All of us will have to show a special willingness to "make things do" until plans for new housing can be carried out. Helen will have to continue to try to be a good sport and make the best of her home situation until housing conditions are improved.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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